

LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND

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"SAVING THE FLAG."

Reproduced from Thomas Nast's great painting, with permission of the artist.
See Leigh Leslie's "Lincoln Entering Richmond," in this number.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VII.

MAY, 1897.

NUMBER 5.

THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

BY FRANK H. NUTTER.

AMONG the heritages which have come down to us from the early French explorers are the names which, guided by a poetic sympathy with nature, too often sadly lacking in their Anglo-Saxon competitors, they gave to island, lake and stream, and other striking features of the landscape. Thus we find in different parts of the country picturesque stretches of river, flowing now quietly and again with roar and eddies, between rocky cliffs and precipices, to which the name of "Dalles" has been applied. Sometimes it happens that this word has been modified, first in speech and then in print, into the milder form of "Dells," and to the uninitiated this word conveys only the idea of quiet, rural beauty, and not a battle-ground of nature's forces, as it was in the eyes of those who christened it.

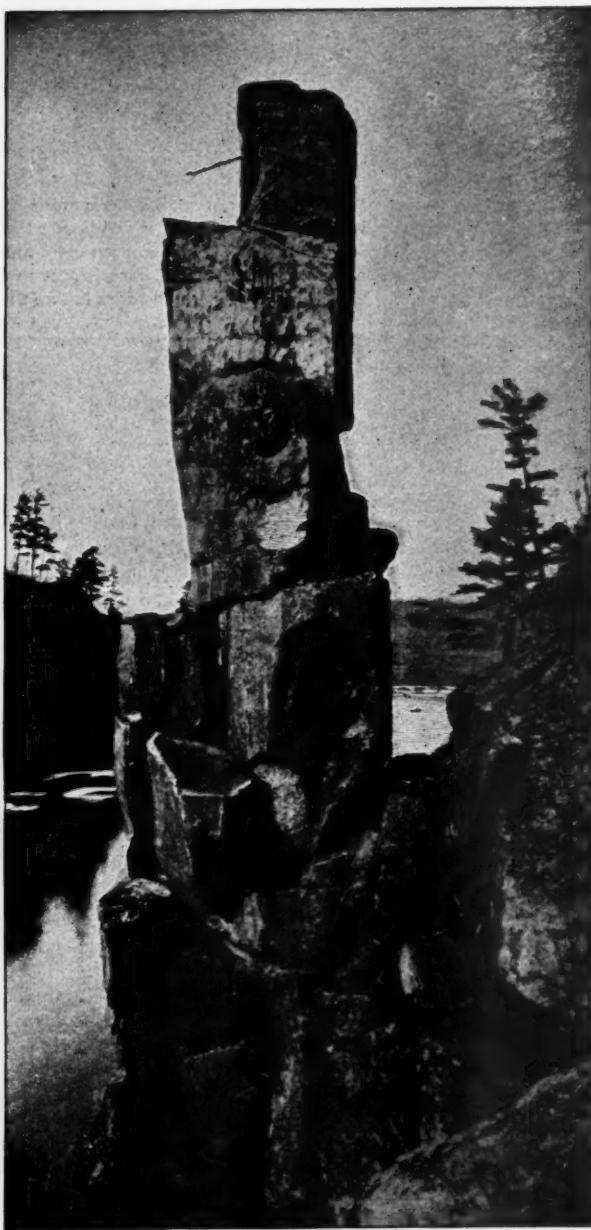
Rising almost within sight and sound of the waves of Lake Superior, receiving the waters of many forest streams, and losing itself in the Mississippi at Prescott, Wisconsin, after a southerly course of 160 miles, for about three-quarters of which distance it forms the boundary line between the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the

St. Croix River, though a comparatively insignificant stream, is not without political and commercial importance, and abounds in scenery of rare beauty and picturesqueness. In the days before the



SAND BLUFFS OF THE ST. CROIX—EAGLE POINT,
NEAR OSCEOLA MILLS.

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DEVIL'S CHAIR—A MOST PECULIAR AND WONDERFULLY FORMED COLUMN.

advent of the locomotive, it was a prominent factor in the opening up of a large extent of country, and the dweller on the lower section of the river now often refers regretfully to "the good old times" when its waters were navigated by many steamers plying between the towns on its banks and the commercial cities along the Mississippi.

Though this phase of its prosperity has faded away, another is still at its height, and from the forests around its upper waters come annually many millions of feet of pine logs, which are handled by local mills, or in Lake St. Croix are collected into huge rafts and, in charge of powerful tugs, start on their long journey to saw-mills along the Mississippi, even as far south as St. Louis.

To aid in the lumbering operations on this stream, a dam has been con-

structed some miles above the Dalles, creating a storage reservoir of large extent, claimed to be the most costly work of this description under private control in the Northwest, and presenting in its construction unique engineering devices for overcoming the pressure of the water, when it is necessary to open up the dam.

To the historian the valley of the St. Croix will present many points of interest. Before the white man intruded, this was the border land of those hereditary enemies, the Chippewa and the Dakota or Sioux Indians, who never met without bloodshed, and, even when at peace with the white man, persisted in carrying on their feud in his very presence. Some now living can tell us from their own observation of the encounter of Chippewas and Sioux in the streets of St. Paul in 1853, or of their last pitch battle, some four years later, near Shakopee. History also records that the great Sioux outbreak of 1862, in which about 800 settlers perished, was the result of an unsuccessful raid of a few of these Indians, who, disappointed in their hopes of obtaining some Chippewa scalps, vented their murderous rage on those unfortunate white men and their families. Now the Chippewa is found in his native forests of Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, engaged in the peaceful pursuits of hunting and agriculture, while the Sioux has been carried on the wave of advancing civilization to the reservations of the Dakotas. Between the white man and the red man



ONE OF THE DOZEN WELLS, OR POT HOLES,
Ranging from 6 inches in diameter and 18 inches in depth to 10 feet in
diameter and 90 feet in depth.

in this section but little trouble has occurred, and that almost invariably from the use of the mischief-making firewater.

Early French explorers tell of a fort erected by them on this river nearly two centuries ago, although its location is but vaguely specified; and fifty or sixty years later a trading post was established and maintained for many years. This is corroborated by the fact that the first settlers of Taylor's Falls found on the intervalle below the Dalles ruins of

buildings, with trees two feet in diameter growing in the deserted cellars. Nine buildings in all could be traced by their crumbling foundations.

Sixty years ago the first claims were taken up at the Dalles, and measures were adopted to utilize the water-power. The village tradition is that at that time choice wavered between a location at this place and one at the Falls of St. Anthony; but, fearing lest the peculiar geological formation at the latter spot, a thin ledge of limestone overlying a friable sand-rock, might prove an unreliable foundation for their proposed improvements, while the trap-rock of the St. Croix could not be surpassed in that regard, the promoters decided to locate the manufacturing center of the Northwest at the Falls of the St. Croix.

The fact that several hundred thousand dollars have been spent at Minneapolis to avert the disaster anticipated by these pioneers proves the correctness of their judgment in that particular; but the extension of railroads and the development of the farther west were factors unforeseen and have decreed the location of the metropolis at the rejected Falls of St. Anthony. Unfortunate management in early days and accidents of fire and flood have also done their part in retarding the growth of manufacturing in this picturesque valley; a fact, however, which cannot be regretted by artists and other lovers of natural beauty.

The geologist will also find much of interest in this locality. Ascending the river in a boat, one sails for miles along a placid stream, lake-like in expanse, flowing at the foot of bluffs of lime rocks or sandstone, caved by frost and storms into picturesque and beautiful forms—though too often marred by the intrusive railroad cut or embankment—and clothed in many places with fine old forest growths. Just above the little hamlet of Franconia there is a startling transformation. At some period in the geological ages the earth yawned and a huge dike of trap-rock was thrown directly across the stream, doubtless form-

ing a large lake, the bed of which was these wooded meadows stretching for a mile or two up-stream and occupying considerable area on the Wisconsin side of the river. Time and the forces of nature gradually wore a passage-way through this obstruction; and now the river flows in two channels, from 150 to 200 feet each in width, with a picturesque islet of trap-rock between them, while on either shore of the main land the cliffs rise perpendicularly to a height of 60 or 70 feet. On the western cliff is outlined in red paint a hand, also the face of a buffalo, which the Indians claim were drawn by their ancestors to commemorate some event now forgotten.

Proceeding on our way we find on our right these meadows, while on our left the sandstone cliffs reappear, at last receding so far from the river as to enclose the interval where were found the supposed remains of the French fort and trading-post; till, in a couple of miles, we encounter another and more extensive trap-rock dike, through which the river traverses what is more specifically known as "The Dalles." If it be at a stage of high water, when the flood comes surging and swirling around the angle in the canyon, beyond which we cannot see, and with a force we would hardly dare to face in a frail bateau, we do not wonder that the first voyageurs turned back and reported to their superiors that they had reached a spot where the stream burst forth in full volume from the bowels of the earth.

Wherever these upheavals of nature have taken place there may be found at least traces of valuable metals; and so it is here. Occasional specimens of ore and of native copper early excited interest in mining explorations. When the lands were first opened for settlement, a mineral land permit was filed on the area around the main Dalles, on which appeared names of national reputation,—Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing and Robert S. Rantoul, but the hopes of miners and speculators have thus far been disappointed. Explorations have been made

in many localities, but it is safe to say that in every case more money has been put into the mine than has been taken out.

Other points of interest to the scientist and intelligent observer are afforded at this spot. While the trap-rock is generally massive there are occasional indications of a basaltic formation, and we find a column that carries our minds back to Fingal's Cave and Giant's Causeway. To one who studies the millenniums of time and order of events involved in the geological ages, it will be of interest to inspect a peculiar outcropping of the trap on the Minnesota hillside, where the water-worn stones from an old river bed were enclosed in the liquid rock as it flowed forth, forming a most refractory conglomerate.

On a little plateau thirty or forty feet above the river are located other curious evidences of nature's forces in action, for here are found the "wells," to the majority of visitors the most wonderful curiosities of all. About fifteen in number, varying in diameter from one to twenty or thirty feet, and attaining in some cases an equal depth, their grooved and polished sides hint at the processes by which they were formed; and at the bottoms of some of them, beneath the accumulated débris and rubbish still lie water-worn pebbles and boulders, the drills which, revolving with the eddying waters, have in the lapse of time cut these strange pits in a rock seemingly as hard as iron.

To the plant lover and botanist these cliffs offer rare ferns and strange vegetable forms, from the bright-tinted lichens which color the rocks to the venerable pines that crown their summits. The followers of Izaak Walton may also find their pleasure in enticing the prosaic catfish or toothsome pike from the depths of the river, the bass and pickerel from the adjacent lake, or, following up the tributary brooks, may draw from their cold spring-holes the most prized of all his trophies, the speckled trout, with a beauty and gaminess only to be found in nature's secret places.

Although fond anticipations of riches attained by commerce or manufacture have been to some extent unfulfilled, it will be inferred from what has already been written that here may be found a wealth of natural beauty, which, while scoffed at by many so-called utilitarians, is in these latter days found to have a real value.

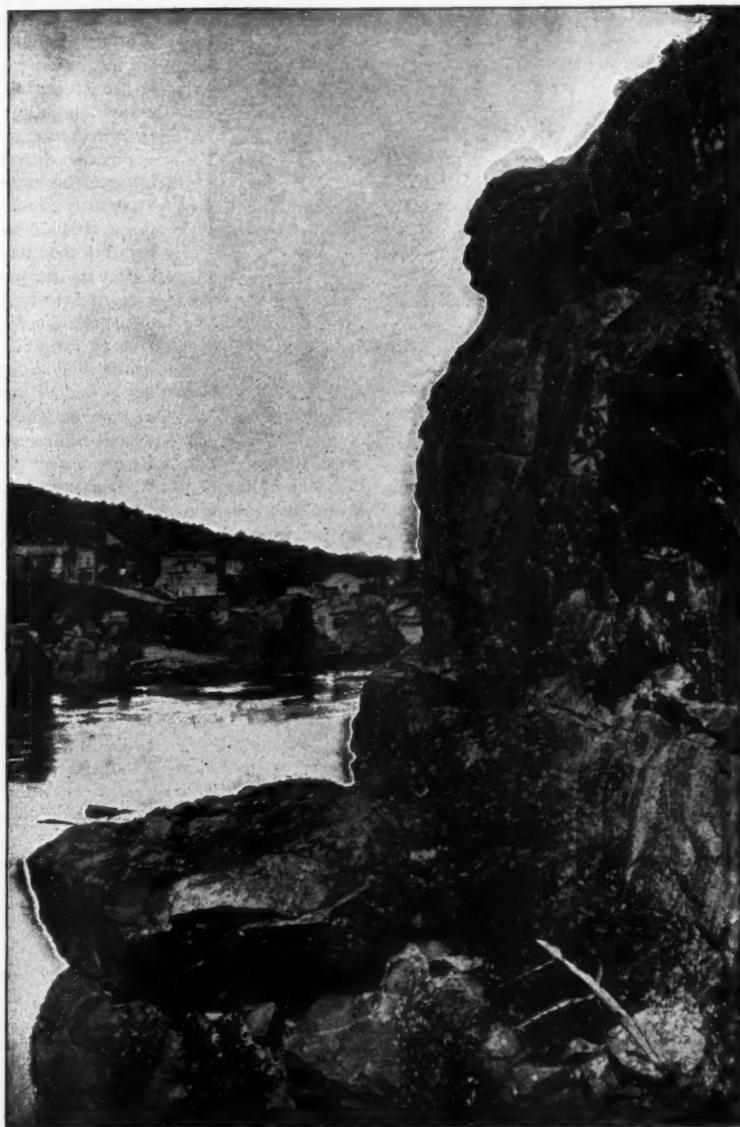
To a traveler from the East, one of the striking features of the Western landscape is its comparatively narrow river valleys, sunken entirely below the general surface of the country, and unnoticed till he draws back in surprise from the very brink of the gorge. The St. Croix Valley in this vicinity is a perfect example of this.

Approaching from the southwest on the cars, after a ride of many miles through level farming districts, or skirting the shores of placid lakes, we involuntarily shrink back when, just after leaving the little station of Franconia, our train swerves sharply to the left, and, looking out, we find ourselves swinging around a shelf on the edge of the bluff, while a few hundred feet from us, and apparently as much below us, lie the quiet waters of the river. From this point to the end of our ride the grade is rapidly descending, as we follow the windings of the bluff, here crossing, on a lofty trestle, some gorge cut out by the spring freshets and summer rains, and then curving around the perpendicular walls of the chasm, where we can snap a pebble into the dark pool, eighty feet below.

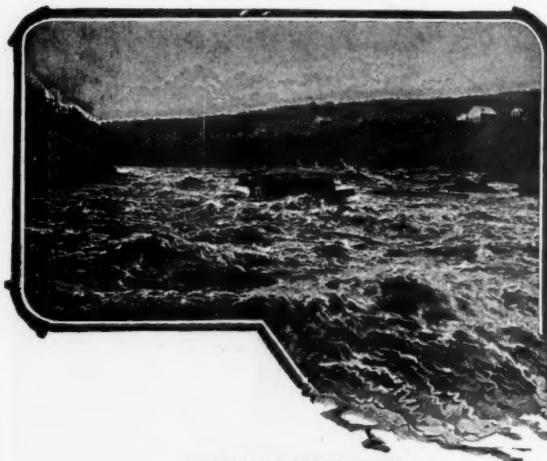
To the lover of nature, the operations of the lumberman, necessary though they may be, must always savor strongly of the stock-yard and the abattoir, and we can but regret that even the Dalles have not escaped his withering touch. But, a few of the old trees are left and nature is a tireless worker, and the young seedlings now springing up give promise that, under the present more favorable auspices, the loss will in time be made good, and nature will again drape and ornament the rocky hillsides with shrubs and vines.

THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

LOOKING UP THE DALLES—WISCONSIN ON THE RIGHT, MINNESOTA ON THE LEFT.



SENTINEL, OR OLD MAN OF THE DALLES.
Said to be the most perfect rock face and bust known.



WANAGAN RUNNING RAPIDS.

But let us now turn to the rocks and the river. Standing on the little toll-bridge which is the means of communication between the two towns, Taylor's Falls and St. Croix Falls, we may look up the stream and watch the foaming waters as they rush down the rapids to lose themselves in the gorge below; while on either side we catch glimpses of little rills trickling down the banks to add their volume to the stream. These rills tell us of the myriad springs, back on the hillsides, which make the St. Croix notable both for the coolness and purity of its water and its unvarying flow in seasons of drouth.

Turning our eyes down the river we look directly into the Dalles until at Angle Rock the vista is closed by the Wisconsin cliffs. Here we note a sweeping eddy, which is the dread of the river drivers; for if the floating logs begin to gather here, they quickly form a jam, in which at times millions of feet of lumber have been piled, involving much time, expense and danger to life and limb. Massive iron rings set into the cliffs at this point show that the lumbermen regard it as a place where they must always be prepared for prompt and vigorous action.

Some of the "Dalles" in our Western country are in a lime-rock or sandstone formation, and, while they are picturesque, they do not furnish the chaotic masses and fantastic outlines found in the trap-rock, with its peculiar lines of cleavage. On the face of the Wisconsin cliff at the upper end of the gorge is seen what is commonly known as "the

Old Man of the Dalles," but as we mark its soldierly posture, and trace in its stony features an easily recognized resemblance to the face of General Washington, we acknowledge the appropriateness of its more recently suggested name, "The Sentinel." Below the "wells," on the Minnesota side, are several columns, cut out and separated from the main ledge by the elements, which their discoverers have, all too freely, dedicated to the powers of evil. We have "The Devil's Chair," with its seat eighty feet above the water, "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Kitchen," etc., together with a pillar, capped with a rock bearing two caricatures of the human face,—impish profiles, looking in opposite directions. On this has been bestowed the classic name of "Janus"; but it has also been proposed, under the inspiration of modern history, that it might well be styled "The Politician." Last, but not least, of these curious formations, is "The Rock of the Cross," on which, standing at the proper distance below on the river bank as the sun goes down, one may see the image of a great stone cross.

Between the two dikes, which have been described as forming the upper and lower Dalles, on the Minnesota side,

stretches, for a distance of two miles, a high, steep bluff, half way up the slopes of which, for the greater part of the distance, outcrops a perpendicular face of sandstone rock, from twenty to fifty feet in height. A walk along its base, beneath the shades of luxuriant oaks and maples, reveals many a spot of rare beauty. Mostly of a white or cream color, but in many places more highly tinted with iron or copper, and draped with mosses, ferns and clinging vines, it is a study for the artist. Occasionally a spring is encountered which, with its continual dropping, has worn out an amphitheater in the cliff in which hundreds could stand. As above the Dalles, so here, these springs are abundant and, with their clear, cold water, are a prominent feature of the scenery.

It would seem as though such scenes as these would appeal to the poetry and sentiment in every heart, but there are

some exceptions, for that much revered person in these modern days, the "practical man," has been here and reasoned within himself that The Sentinel, The Devil's Chair and The Rock of the Cross, if uprooted by dynamite and submitted to the rock-crusher, "would serve to mend our ways, and keep our wagons from stalling in our miry roads." Fortunately, financial and other considerations have prevented the immediate consummation of this scheme. Meantime there has been kindled in the minds of long-time lovers of the spot a desire to secure for future generations its beauties unimpaired. In furtherance of this desire, at the last sessions of the legislature of Minnesota and of Wisconsin, action was taken, by authority of which an "Inter-State Park" could be established here, which should, at least, embrace the most striking features of the landscape. On the Minnesota side of the river, about a hundred and fifty acres have already been secured, though for a complete fulfilment of the purpose the limits of the park should be considerably extended. In Wisconsin the project has so far been held in abeyance; but, in the present sessions of both legislatures, action is now pending which, if consummated, will create at this point a Public Reservation worthy of the name.

When once reserved for public use this park will certainly attract the lover of the beautiful and the picturesque, for its beauties are perennial and confined to no particular time or season. In noon-day sunlight, or under the harvest moon, or when the lightnings play and the thunder reëchoes through the gorge; in the hazy air of early spring when its hills are draped with the tender grays, greens and pinks of the opening foliage, or in the shortening days of the year, when it takes on the gorgeous coloring of autumn, it is ever the delight and the despair of the artist.

Even in midwinter the charm remains. Let us take a farewell glimpse of it, as I was privileged to see it not many weeks ago. Stand with me at sunset on this



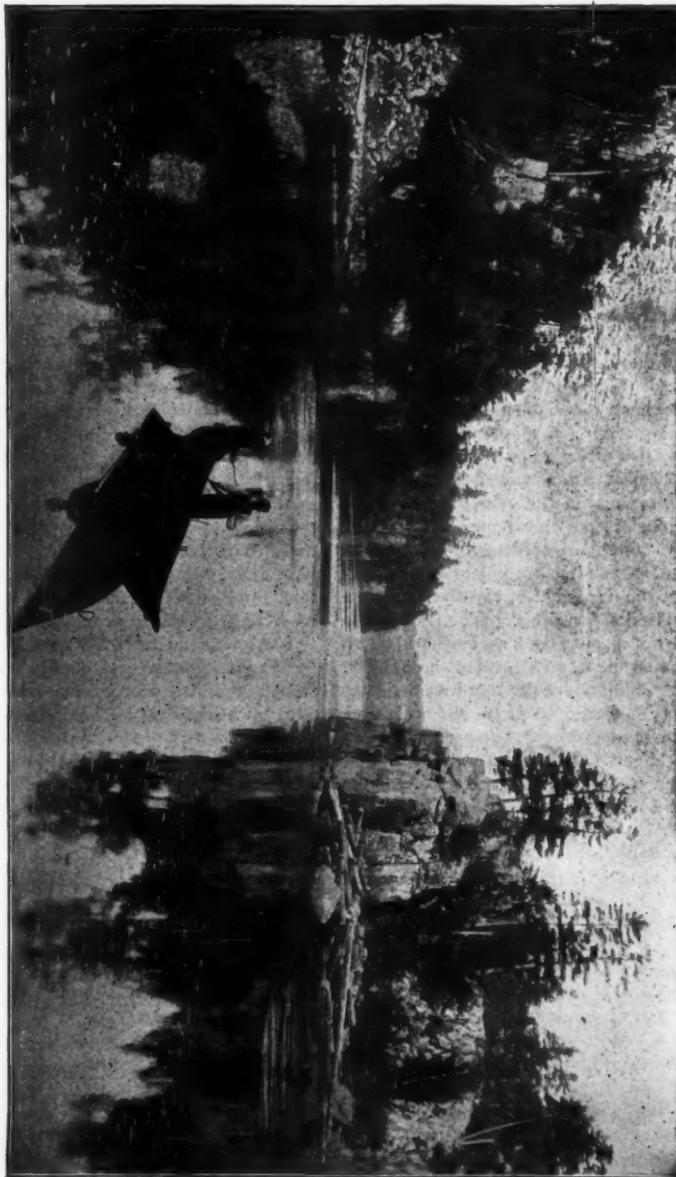
DRUNKARD'S ROCK, FOOT OF RAPIDS.



Taylor's Falls, Minn.
VIEW FROM A HIGH POINT BELOW THE ELBOW IN THE DALLES, ON THE WISCONSIN SIDE.
St. Croix Falls, Wis.

THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

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LOOKING DOWN THE DALLES FROM THE ELBOW—MINNESOTA ON THE RIGHT, WISCONSIN ON THE LEFT.

projecting point of the Minnesota bluffs. Below us at our right are the lower or Franconia Dalles, and though the cliffs are sixty to eighty feet in height, so far are they beneath us that they seem to be mere rocks along the river bank. Before us, across the river are the Wisconsin hills, and at their southern extremity we catch a glimpse of the village of Osceola, several miles away. As far to our left, we see a portion of Taylor's Falls, with its school-house crowning the rocky hill; while almost beneath it are the yawning portals of the main Dalles, now enshrouded in the gloom of coming night. As we gaze we see a moving speck emerge from the darkness and come rapidly toward us, and we know that some merry party of sleigh-riders is enjoying an evening excursion, for when winter chains the waters of the river the glassy surface is a welcome roadway to those who at other seasons of the year have to climb the long steep hills whenever they leave the village.

As we stand in the silence, the landscape seems devoid of all other life; but we mistake, for with a croak a large black bird approaches and, as it passes in its swinging flight, on a level with our eyes, though high above the tree-tops beneath, we catch a glimpse of its red crest and white-banded cheeks, and recognize it as the Pileated Woodpecker, king of its tribe in the Northern forests.

The snow around us bears record of the doings of sundry other folk, now in-

visible. Here the squirrel has passed from stump to log, on his way to his winter storehouse beneath yonder pile of brush. Here "Brer Rabbit" has held a moonlight convention, and, again, we see where the jumping mouse, on his guard against his enemies, the fox and the owl, has emerged from the feathery snow, only to plunge into it again the next instant. If time would permit us to cross over to the fastnesses of the hills, we might, perhaps, stumble upon the footprints of the prowling wolf, whose mournful howlings, reëchoing from hillside and cliff, fell upon the ears of the village doctor, as "in the wee, sma' hours" of the night before he drove along the river trail.

The sun has touched the horizon, and though we stand in its level beams, the valley beneath already lies in night and its beauties are concealed in the gathering darkness. But beyond the gloom arise the distant hills, their snow-clad tops shining with a crimson glow in almost unearthly beauty; and we seem to have a vision granted us such as "Christain" and his companions were given when they drew near the Celestial City.

The bright vision fades, for the sun at last is gone, and we reluctantly turn our steps to the little railroad station, taking with us a sense of re-creation from our communion with nature, and rejoicing in the thought that this gem of God's handiwork is likely to be preserved for our enjoyment and for the delight of generations yet unborn.



FRUITION.

I SCATTERED seed on a barren plain
And watered the furrows with tears;
My heart was heavy with grief and pain,
And my soul surcharged with fears.
But after many weary days
Of lowering clouds and rain,
I gathered, with joy, from a fertile field
A harvest of golden grain.

Lizzie Clark Hardy.

THE BUILDING OF A VIOLIN.

BY CHARLES A. GRAY.

With Illustrations by the Author.

FEW are they who do not love music of some kind, and almost as few are they who do not love the tender, flexible, human-like tones of that king of musical instruments—the violin. Yet how few—even among violin experts—are aware of the knowledge and care and patience required to build a fine violin!

So few perfect violins have been produced that the public has come to regard violin making as a haphazard, hocus-pocus sort of business that might be stumbled on by anyone at some propitious time. Almost every town has its carpenter, or musician or other, who occupies his odd moments in "making violins." They have generally "just found out the secret" and are about to produce something astonishing; but as a rule they are never heard from afterwards.

Another erroneous idea possessed by the public generally and by a majority of musicians is, that old violins are, *per se*, better than new ones. This idea may be attributed in main, I think, to the dealers in violins, who, by continually preaching the theory, make a profitable demand for imitations of old violins that otherwise they would not have. There is no question but that a new violin, if properly made and frequently used, will improve in tone for a number of months or maybe for several years; but, as a rule, before long it comes to a point where it ceases to improve and then slowly deteriorates.

Primarily, the most important part in the making of a violin is the selection of the woods. The top is best made of spruce and the back of maple. However, the mere statement of the names of the woods signifies but little, as the quality of tone in the violin depends to a very great degree on the quality of the woods. To illustrate:

A well-known violin maker spent fif-

teen years in a fruitless search for the kind of wood he wanted before he finally succeeded, and then it happened only by chance. At this time he was living in Germany, where some of the best wood comes from (the best being found in Italy), and had often spent days and even weeks in trips in the country in the hope of finding some old building that was being torn down, where he might be able to obtain a log of the kind he desired. He had about given up the hope, when one day he overheard a farmer tell a townsman that he would have some wood to sell as he was tearing down an old barn. The violin maker made haste to inquire the location, and when the farmer went home he accompanied him. After trying nearly every log in the barn he found the one from which he has made his violins ever since; and he has enough left for several years to come.

The log was a spruce pine, over a foot in diameter, and about thirty feet long. It had been in the building, secure from the weather, for nearly seventy years. It had the wonderful "steel" quality that violin makers talk so much of and see so seldom. The writer saw a small splinter of the wood bent almost double which, when released, flew back to its original shape without the least semblance of a break. Just think of it, dry pine, over sixty years in seasoning, and as pliable as a corset steel!

The quality of the wood for the back of the instrument is not so important as the top, for the vibrations are principally in the top. However, the subject is not slighted, and the best quality of wood obtainable is used throughout. The back, being in reality a sounding board for the top, must be of slightly harder wood to make the returns prompt and clear.

The vibrations of a violin are best



THE VIOLIN MAKER

From the original painting by Charles A. Gray.

illustrated by the throwing of a pebble in a pool of still water. Taking the bridge of the violin as the center of the vibrations, the instrument must be so evenly balanced that the return vibrations from all parts of the violin will reach the bridge in unison and harmony. To produce this, the violin must not only be equally balanced in shape, but must be thicker in some parts than in others, the general grading being thicker under the bridge than at the edges. The requirements in this respect are so exacting that the slightest variation from the true grade, even to the thickness of a sheet of paper, has its effect on the tone of the instrument. As the strain of the different strings comes on different parts of the instrument, it follows that certain parts of the top control certain notes, and the expert maker can at once tell by sounding the different notes on a violin whether any parts of the top are too thick or too thin, and precisely where.

The grading of the wood varies ac-

cording to its quality. The finer the grain and the better the temper the thinner the grading can be done. In this respect it may be said that a great many makers cut their wood too thin. They do that because a new violin graded thin will sound better when first played on than one that is thicker,—the thin wood yielding to the bow easier than the thick wood. However, the thick top is much the better, as it will soon begin to vibrate with constant playing, and will improve every day, while the thin top will not. In playing several hours, the violin with the thick top will come out at the end louder and sweeter than on the start, while the thin one will often give out entirely.

Next in importance is the swell or raise of the top and back, which must not be too high nor too abrupt, else the wood would be cut too much and the continuity of the grain broken. Nor must it be too low, or there will not be enough support to the bridge, and it will require too heavy a base bar.

Then comes the placing of the base bar, which requires the most expert knowledge and careful work of any part of the instrument; for, no matter how the shell may have been made, it is worthless unless finished with a perfect base bar.

together comes the varnishing, which process is also of great importance, for it must give a fine finish and color and the tone must not be injured. To this end the varnish must not be too hard nor too soft, but of a nature that will move with



A FINE MODEL BY A WELL KNOWN
MODERN MAKER.



PAGANINI'S FAVORITE VIOLIN.
From photo taken in Museum in Geneva in 1878.

The bar must be of as carefully selected wood as the violin and must be thoroughly seasoned. The bar may be light or heavy, or light in one place and heavy in another, and the style of bar depends altogether on the shape and temper of the shell, as a bar that would be meat in one violin would be poison in another.

After the shell is finished and glued

the vibrations of the wood with little or no effort on the part of the wood; and, for that reason must not be of a kind that will penetrate the wood or it will fill the grain and clog the vibrations in that way.

A fine instrument requires about eighteen or twenty coats of varnish, each coat being carefully rubbed down and thoroughly dry before another is put on.

The exterior finish, the neck, the finger-board and trimmings may be, and by masters often are, done with great delicacy and beauty, but it is all for the eye and not for the ear, as it does not improve the tone of the instrument.

To a maker who is master of his business there is no more mystery about the making of a violin than there is to a watch-maker about the making of a watch. A maker who is perfectly master of his trade can give to a violin any kind of a tone a person may desire. The tone may be loud and shrill, thin and flat, full and round, soft and sweet or, best of all, powerful and sweet. These tones are as certain to be produced by certain combinations of material and form as the tones of an organ are to differ on different keys.

The best makers study to give to their violins a tone that will most nearly imitate the human voice, and in that respect it must be an absolutely pure tone—no taint of wood or metal or any harsh substance must be noticeable in the tone. The vibrations must be smooth and absolutely even on all the strings and every string must have precisely the same tone and depth of tone or the harmony is not perfect.

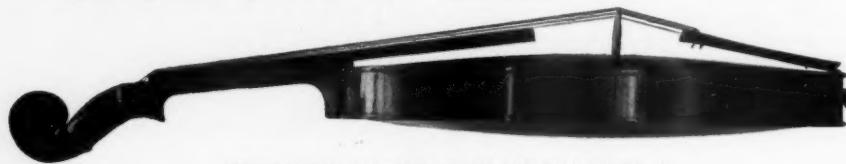
A violin maker must not only be an expert mechanic but also a perfect judge of musical sounds. This perfection can only be attained by constant association with the violins of great makers. A painter might as well aspire to be a great artist without ever having studied the great masters. Such knowledge is not the knowledge of one poor soul but the collective information of the best minds for centuries. No one can judge of the tone quality of an instrument until he has examined and studied many fine instruments.

Many musicians know to their sorrow that instruments which seemed to them to possess great beauty of tone when they were purchased, proved upon closer

acquaintance to be anything but satisfactory. The success of a violinist depends almost as much upon his judgment (some call it luck) in selecting a violin as on the technical study of music. To a student of violins there is a symmetry of outline and a grace and beauty in the curves and finish of the work of a master violin maker that is almost a sure index of the perfect quality of the tone within.

The circumstance that the best wood for violins is grown in Italy, may, to some extent, account for the fact that the best violins are made there. The experiment of transplanting the seeds in this country has been tried but has proven a failure, as the wood grown therefrom soon becomes too coarse and hard and is no better than our native woods. Formerly the back and the top of a violin were each made of one solid piece of wood, but now the log is split from the heart out (as a cheese is cut), and the top and the back are each made of two pieces, glued together in the center, with the heart to the center which gives the same quality of wood to each side of the instrument, insuring evener weight and more nearly perfect vibrations.

It seems strange, at first thought, that there are so few first-class makers of violins in the world; but when one remembers that the exactness and delicacy of the work requires a mind far above that of the ordinary mechanic, and that the art, when learned, is not told, but kept as a secret for the benefit of the individual, and that when he dies the knowledge dies with him, and the same routine must be gone through by each maker, it is easy to understand why there are so few of them. It is only when a father teaches a son, or in some similar way, covering long experience as well as inherited aptitude, that a young man starts with real knowledge of how to make a fine violin.



THE PROPER SWELL TO FRONT AND BACK OF A VIOLIN.

A SEASON'S PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

THE theatrical season of 1896-7 which is just now drawing to a close has been a reasonably prosperous one, in spite of the dismal prognostications called forth by the prevailing financial depression and the fact that a Presidential campaign was in progress at its inception. The excitement and interest incident to a Presidential election is generally sup-

posed to have a disastrous effect upon the business of the theatres; and this fact, in conjunction with the unsettled and uncertain state of monetary affairs, made the outlook a gloomy one for the most sanguine.

However, it is always the unexpected that occurs, and the standard attractions all over the country have been playing



From photo by Baker, Columbus, O.

FANNIE DAVENPORT.



Photo by Falk, New York.

OTIS SKINNER.

to receipts in excess of those of the preceding year; while an unusual number of new ventures have scored unmistakable successes in the metropolis.

A much discussed feature of the current season has been the remarkable development of the vaudeville form of amusement, and time alone can show whether this is merely a fleeting phase of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the drama—a mere craze, so to speak, soon to be relegated to the realm of fads and fancies, along with the "living picture"—or whether it portends a radical and lasting change in the theatrical situation. However this may be, many sterling actors have philosophically taken the tide of vaudeville at its flood; and one

well-known interpreter of legitimate rôles—a gifted and finished exponent of the Shakespearian drama—is doing a dramatic sketch in high-class vaudeville, and—it goes without saying—is doing it well.

Perhaps no American actress of to-day has a stronger or more lasting hold upon the interest of the theatre-going public than that gifted and versatile artist, Fanny Davenport; and the announcement that this is to be her last season in the Sardou dramas, which she so ably interprets, has been received with regret by her admirers. So admirably is she adapted to the Sardou productions—or so well are they adapted to her—that they seem to have become attributes each of the other; and, in America at least, she has made them all her own. It is generally understood, however,

she will next season give us a play of distinctly national character, and, knowing the excellence of Miss Davenport's judgment and her capacity for doing well whatever she undertakes, we can but accept the wisdom of her decision. The struggle for supremacy is seldom an easy one and many of Miss Davenport's triumphs have been hardly won; but her infinite patience, her capacity for work, her ready appreciation of detail and careful attention to what would seem trifles to the casual observer, but which militate strongly for or against the success of a production, have firmly established her as an artist of the first rank; and at the present time, in her own especial province—the interpretation of semi-classic and heroic rôles

—she is practically without a peer. Miss Davenport is ably supported by Mr. Melbourne MacDowell, whose fine physique, agreeable personality and high intelligence render him admirably adapted to the rôles he is called upon to assume.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye and an unusually fine cast (including such artists as Marie Wainwright and the veteran Couldock) are presenting a decided—and not altogether agreeable—novelty in "Dr. Belgraff." It is hardly a play that will appeal to the general public; yet it is powerful, well-constructed and affords an admirable vehicle for the peculiar talents of the star. However, it seems to the writer that Mr. Lackaye could make the rôle more sympathetic and less repulsive without rendering it less forceful or convincing. More than a passing notice is due to Mr. Lackaye's support—and particularly to Mr. Forrest Robinson, who plays a conventional lover's part with an ease and naturalness, yet with a grace and finish without, that lifts his conception quite above the conventional level.

Mr. Sothern in his new play "An Enemy to the King" has repeated the triumphs he won in "Zenda." Possessed of the dramatic temperament by right of inheritance and of a magnetic charm that is all his own, Mr. Sothern seems to have the art of so captivating his hearers as to render the coldly critical attitude impossible—which is perhaps proof in itself that criticism, in its severest sense, has nothing to do with Mr. Sothern.

Any résumé of current theatrical events without mention of Otis Skinner would be—literally—"Hamlet, with Hamlet left out," for the critics have been almost unanimous in pronouncing his characterization of the melancholy Dane the best since the time of Booth. Shortly after the death of Booth, Mr. Skinner aptly likened the tragic muse to a "widow in her weeds," adding with characteristic modesty that, "when the bereaved one should have dried her tears and doffed her

somber garb, he should take heart and try to woo her"; and Melpomene must indeed have been hard of heart had she refused to smile upon so worthy a suitor. He has wooed—and won. Having long been Mr. Skinner's prophet, it is a pleasure, now that he no longer needs a prophet, to become his eulogist. Though a product of cold New England, Mr. Skinner has all the force and fire of the Southron. Yet exquisite delicacy and subtle refinement is the keynote of Mr. Skinner's art, and the absolute finish that marks his every conception seems to warrant the assertion that he is Booth's most



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JULIA MARLOWE.

worthy successor. Of Mr. Skinner's leading woman, Miss Maud Durbin, it is sufficient to say that her characterization of "Juliet" is worthy to be classed with Otis Skinner's "Romeo."

America is particularly rich in comedians,

répertoire including "The Rivals"), have won new laurels.

It is only possible in the space at command to summarize briefly a few of the principal metropolitan successes. At Daly's, "The Geisha," whose remarkable



From photo by Baker, Columbus, O.

OLGA NETHERSOLE.

ans, and is fortunate no less in the quality than the quantity of her Thalians. Mr. Stuart Robson and Mr. William Crane, in their respective offerings, "The Jucklins" and "A Fool of Fortune," have each scored a pronounced success, while those perennial favorites, Mr. Sol Smith Russell and Mr. Nat Goodwin (the latter in a

popularity still endures, continues to alternate with the Daly stock company, headed by Ada Rehan and C. J. Richman.

"Spiritisme," Sardou's latest play, with a fine cast, which includes Maurice Barrymore, Virginia Harned and other well known players, has been favorably received. "Rosemary," with John Drew

and Maud Adams, has scored a pronounced success, and Henry Miller in "Heartsease" is delighting large audiences at the Garden. "Under the Red Robe" and "Secret Service," at the Empire and Garrick, respectively, are

magnetism. She appeals to the hearts as well as the intellects of her hearers to such degree that each of her auditors cherishes a personal interest in the charming woman, no less than the gifted actress. She is the very perfection of sweetness,



Photo by Falk, New York.

E. S. WILLARD.

attracting crowds limited only by the capacity of the houses.

But of all the season's successes, there has been, perhaps, no greater triumph than that achieved by Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber, in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie." Miss Marlowe possesses that quality most invaluable to the actress —

delicacy and tenderness; and yet—it seems to the writer that she always falls a little short in the higher emotional passages; that she never quite attains the supreme height, though approaching very near the summit; and that, of the two, Robert Taber is the greater artist. It is to be hoped that the rumor that these

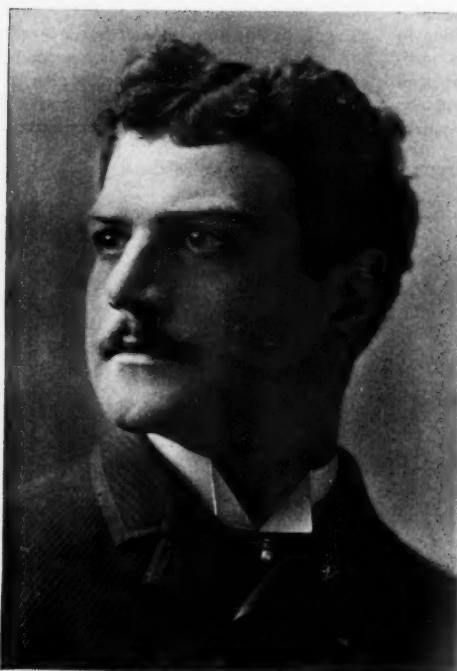


Photo by Falk, New York

ALEXANDER SALVINI.

sterling actors will next season head separate companies is unfounded.

Olga Nethersole is again with us, giving "Camille," in which she discloses some new possibilities, the "Wife of Scarli" and "Carmen"—the last named rather less osculatory than of yore. Mr. E. S. Willard, always delightful, succeeds in giving us, in the "Rogue's Comedy," a most lovable villain, and Wilson Barrett has been eminently successful in his "Sign of the Cross," supported by Maud Jeffreys—an actress of whom America has reason to be proud.

It was with a great shock of regret that American play-goers heard of the untimely death of the younger Salvini. The gifted son of a gifted father, handsome, versatile, virile, he seemed indeed favored of the gods. Who can ever forget

the rollicking gaiety, the gay laugh, the easy, careless grace of his "Don Caesar De Bazan," the fire and force of his "D'Artagnan?" With his magnificent physique and superb voice, his artistic temperament and inherited genius, what boundless possibilities lay before him, to what heights might he not have attained! It is hard indeed to know that death's impenetrable curtain has fallen upon that noble career; that the lights are out, the music stilled; that no plaudits, however eager, can bring back to us the bright face and winning smile that found swift response in many loving hearts.

Death has indeed been busy in the ranks of the players in the past few months. It will be long before a comedian will arise who can fill the place Lewis made for himself in the hearts of metropolitan play-goers—to whom indeed his death was in the nature of a personal bereave-

ment. The death of Nelson Wheatcroft will also be keenly felt in the profession. He has done much for a much-needed branch of his art—the thorough training and instruction of aspirants for the stage; and many successful actors now upon the boards will concede their success to be due in no slight degree to his careful and earnest efforts.

We can but rejoice that there is still left us that most delightful of comedians, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, whose genial personality, no less than his quaintly original conceptions, has endeared him to us all, and whose hold upon the interest of two succeeding generations of play-goers stamps him as an actor, not of to-day or yesterday, but of to-morrow and all time to come.



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JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

BURDENED.

*They tell me that I walk in ways
Whereon the darker shadows fall,
Nor hear the soul-entrancing call
Of brighter hopes that crown my days.*

*But this I ask: how can I rise
Above the heartaches of my kind,
When in each life their trace I find,
And see the sorrow in men's eyes!*

R. L. Masiker.

LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND.

BY LEIGH LESLIE.

Author of "Grant and Galena," in THE MIDLAND of September, 1895, and "Thomas Nast and His Work," in THE MIDLAND of December, 1895.

SCARCELY had the echo of Confederate guns fired at the flag floating above Sumter died away when, in response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, troops began to pour into Washington, and from the press of the North the cry went up, "On to Richmond!" Thereupon followed quickly the disaster at Bull Run and the humiliation of brave General McDowell. The advent of McClellan with pomp and circumstance, soon after, inspired a new hope, but fear and doubt arose again as regularly came the announcement, "All quiet on the Potomac," with occasional reports of "masterly retreats." Still the cry, "On to Richmond!" Pope, Burnside, Hooker,—these in turn gave promise of achieving much, but did not fulfill the promise. Defeats multiplied; weeks lengthened into months, months into years; steamers, railways, ambulances bore to the rear their ghastly loads of maimed and dying men; hope well nigh gave way to despair,—and still the cry, "On to Richmond!"

Dark years were they,—years filled with crushing disappointments and bitter sorrows. Yet he upon whom rested the heaviest burden of care and responsibility suffered not these disappointments and sorrows to abate his faith that, in the providence of God, the life of the nation would be saved. That great, tender heart oftentimes grew weary, but the flame of hope burned brightly within it through all those years of care and perplexity.

Lincoln possessed a splendid optimism. Never did he admit the possibility of defeat. In his view the Union cause was just, and its ultimate triumph was as certain as that the day follows the night. He firmly believed that he should yet find a leader capable of solidifying into a re-

sistless force the elements of strength which incompetency had scattered, thus plucking victory from defeat.

Out of the West that leader was to come. With his sword he had written the record of Belmont, of Donelson, of Shiloh, of Corinth, of Vicksburg, of Missionary Ridge, and of Lookout Mountain. He came with no pageantry. He carried his headquarters in a faded slouch hat; he wore an ill-fitting army blouse, and his cavalry trousers were tucked carelessly into horse-hide boots. He bore as little resemblance to a hero as the homely Lincoln himself; and, to add to the popular distrust of his qualifications as a military leader, it was discovered that, besides wearing plain apparel, he was a man of singularly few and plain words. Lincoln, however, liked the man who had written Buckner, at Donelson, "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender will be accepted." His courage, his honesty, his modesty, his terse, unpretentious way of saying things, his disposition to do, inspired in the President respect and confidence.

Under Grant, whose plans never included defeat, the mighty armies of the East and of the West were set in motion May 2, 1864, and to the cry, "On to Richmond!" was added the command, "Forward to Atlanta!" Thereupon followed such battling as never before had been known in modern warfare; and the whole civilized world stood appalled. But Grant sent back to Lincoln the simple announcement, "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; and the President's faith in him never wavered. "On to Richmond" under such a leader would bring a realization of his long-deferred hopes—the restoration of the Union under one flag.

The woods and the fields, the hills and the valleys of the Southland were converted into graveyards; the rivers and the streams ran red with blood. The summer wore on. Atlanta had fallen. Every movement of Grant's brave men brought them nearer the goal of their ambition. Presently came the winter, and with it Sherman's march to the sea, while Grant's cannon sang sonorous music in front of Petersburg. The words, "On to Richmond," had a significance now!

In March, Sherman's victorious troops arrived at Raleigh, and, driving Johnston's demoralized army before them, were prepared to move up into Virginia and close the only avenue of escape from the Confederate capital.

The greatest tragedy in the history of nations was nigh its end when, in response to an invitation from General Grant, President Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, his little son, "Tad," and a personal aid, went down to City Point on the gunboat River Queen to visit army headquarters. The President and his party arrived at their destination on the 22d of March. In company with Grant, Lincoln spent several days viewing the camps and intrenchments, and mingling with the soldiers at their campfires. On the 27th, General Sherman arrived to talk over with his chiefs the future movements of the armies. Two days later these three great men separated, Sherman to return to Raleigh, Grant to enter upon the campaign which was to crown the Nation's defenders with victory at Appomattox, Lincoln to go aboard the flagship Malvern for a few days' cruise up and down the river.

Even now, when victory was assured, Lincoln was depressed in spirit, and his face wore a sad look. The noble soul was sorrowing for those who were drinking to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat, and for those who had given their lives that the Nation might live.

Then came the glad tidings that Petersburg had fallen, that Davis had fled from the Confederate capital before the ad-

vance of Grant, and that General Weitzel, commanding a corps of negro soldiers, was marching into Richmond.

"Thank God," exclaimed Lincoln fervently, "that I have lived to see this! It seems to me I've been dreaming a horrid dream for four years. Now the nightmare is gone. I want to see Richmond."

Accordingly the river was cleared of all obstructions, and the Malvern steamed up to the fallen capital.

Behind a small house on the landing a number of negroes were at work, and presently the leader, an old man, hoary and decrepit, caught sight of the great Emancipator, and exclaimed: "Bress de Lord! Dere's de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed 'im. He's been in my heart fo' long yeahs, an' he's come at las' to free his chillun from deir bondage. Glory hallelujah!" And, falling upon his knees, the aged negro kissed the feet of him who had struck from his limbs the shackles of slavery. The other colored men came up and, removing their caps, fell upon their knees and invoked the blessing of God upon the President.

Looking down upon them with pitying eyes, Lincoln said: "Do not kneel to me. This is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument; but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs, and you shall have all the rights God has given to every other free citizen of the Republic."

"Yes, Massa," said the old man, tears streaming from his eyes, "but after bein' in de desert so many yeahs without watuh, it am mighty pleasant to look at las' on our spring ob life. 'Scuse us, sir; we means no disrespec' to Massa Linkum. We means only love an' gratitude."

Then, joining hands, those happy freed-men sang:

"Oh, all ye people clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands,
Of God, the universal King."

While these ex-slaves were singing, the President listened in respectful silence.

When the last note died away, he set out to view the conquered city. Six marines with fixed bayonets marched in front of him, Captain Penrose, Lieutenant Carroll and four armed marines brought up the rear, while Admiral Porter, in full

uniform, and little Tad Lincoln walked beside him, the boy clinging to his father's left hand. Meanwhile the singing of the negroes at the wharf had called out a great number of colored people, men, women and children, and, weeping,



Copyrighted by Th. Nast.

LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 4, 1865.

From a first copy of Th. Nast's latest and greatest painting. Loaned by the artist himself, for exclusive presentation in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.



SNAP-SHOT AT THOMAS NAST.

Made by his son Cyril, for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

laughing, clapping hands and filling the air with shouts of joy, they broke through the line of marines that acted as escort to the President, and for a time blocked his way.

"My poor friends," said Lincoln, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "you are free—free as the air. You can cast off the name of slavery and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as He gave it to others, and it is a sin you have been deprived of it so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Do not let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them. Obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on. I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return to Washington at once to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

It was with the greatest difficulty that the march was resumed. At every step the crowd increased and became more enthusiastic. Negroes poured in from every quarter of the city to pay homage to their deliverer. It was a wondrously im-

pressive scene—a scene at once splendid and simple, tender, pathetic, and significant.

Thomas Nast has immortalized this, one of the last great historic scenes in which Lincoln was a central figure, in a painting which he recently finished in his studio at Morristown. "Lincoln Entering Richmond" is unquestionably the best thing that has yet come from the hand of this great painter. Mr. Nast lavished much time and patient care upon this painting, and in it he has left an enduring monument to his genius. It is fine in color, superb in drawing, graceful in composition, and remarkable for realistic truth, for vigorous individuality, and for strong power of action.

The grouping is simple, yet highly dramatic. Lincoln wears a plain suit of black, and a high silk hat of the style of the period, and his tall form towers above the escort and the rabble surrounding him. His homely lips are tightly closed, and there is in his luminous eye a shade of sadness. His little son, trembling, clings to his left hand. The negroes have broken through the line of marines and are massed about him. Men, women and children, with the light of love and gratitude in their eyes, jostle one another in their eagerness to grasp

his hand, or even to touch the hem of his garment. A mother with her babe clinging to her breast is kneeling and kissing his hand; another, smiling and happy, raises her little one above her head that it may see his benevolent face. Men who have grown stooped and tottering, and gray under the lash of cruel masters, become young, and strong, and brave again at sight of him.

What a sublime thing is joy in a heart that has known naught but despair! What a glorious thing is the light of liberty in a soul that has known the blackness of bondage!

What a beautiful spectacle is that of this black-skinned mother kissing the hand that has struck the shackles of slavery from the limbs of her child! How inspiring to see these husbands and fathers stretching out their toil-worn hands to touch the garment of their benefactor! These faces upon which have long rested the shadows of fear and suffering are now radiant with love and hope.

In the background we see a face of different aspect—a white face, frowning, disdainful, threatening. The picture would not be complete without it. It is that of an ex-slaveholder. To him Lincoln is a monster, and these black creatures, whom he was wont to buy and sell under the protection of the law, are little better than the dogs that bark at their heels. These women who have felt the grace of maternity; these men who love their wives and children; these chaste, prattling babes with dimpled hands and bright, wondering eyes—to him these human beings have no right to think, no right to love, no right to aspire, no right to stand erect, no right to do aught but labor, cringe, and suffer. He hates them, and he hates the noble soul to whom they offer tribute of affection and gratitude.

At Paris, in the summer of 1885, Mr. Nast met Mr. J. Harley Bradley, of Chicago, who, having made a tour of Europe and seen in every capital and in every large city pictures representing heroic and historic scenes in the lives of nations,

suggested to the artist the idea of a great painting in which Lincoln should be the central figure. "Such a picture," said Mr. Bradley, "should adorn the State Capitol at Springfield."

This idea Mr. Nast pondered, and it quickly took possession of his mind. He pictured to himself that scene at Richmond: that figure of the century walking through the dusty streets of the proud but fallen capital surrounded by joyous, shouting men, women, and children of the race he had liberated. An inspiration came to him. There was poetry, sublimity, immortality in that scene, and his whole soul thrilled as he contemplated it. Mr. Nast took up his brush with enthusiasm. The subject was worthy the best efforts of a Michael Angelo, and the painter worked eagerly, tenderly, reverently. He had known Lincoln intimately, and as vividly as if he had posed for him in his studio did he draw the tall, ungainly figure, and the kindly, care-worn, homely face of the Martyr President. One must needs see this splendid creation to appreciate the real flavor of the artist's genius. Mr. Nast has done other excellent paintings of historical association, but none of his earlier works equals this latest one in conception or in finish. As draughtsman, colorist, and master of graceful composition his reputation is by this performance made secure for all coming time.

A large photogravure of "Peace in Union,"* the finest of Mr. Nast's other historic paintings, which represents the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, was presented me recently by the artist himself, and hangs on the wall of my library. This painting was done several years ago, and adorns the government building at Galena. It is eminently fitting that Galena should possess this work of art, for it was from that quaint old town among rugged hills that the Silent Soldier went forth to fight for the integrity of his beloved country. It is to be hoped that the Lincoln picture may

* A description of "Peace in Union," a full-page engraving of the great painting, and a sketch of Mr. Nast's life appeared in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for December, 1895.

be hung in the Capitol at Springfield. That city was the great Emancipator's home, and it was there that, after he had fulfilled his mission upon the earth, the mortal part of him was consigned to its resting place.

No other painter is so well equipped as Thomas Nast to do paintings relating to the Civil War. Mr. Nast was a keen observer of events during the troublous days of the great conflict; he accurately sketched many of the stirring scenes on the field of battle, and he met and conversed frequently with and studied the characteristics of men prominent in both military and civil life. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Seward, Chase, Stanton,—these were all his personal friends. While his earlier paintings do not compare favorably in strength or beauty with his later ones, yet they are invested with a grace at once fine and persuasive. Among the most notable of Mr. Nast's

earlier paintings are "Saving the Flag,"* a particularly meritorious performance, "Faithful Unto Death," "The Departure of the Seventh Regiment from New York, 1861,"† "The Halt," "Sherman's Marching Through Georgia," and "Peace Again."

The winter-time of life is upon Thomas Nast, but its frosts have only whitened the hair of the great artist. His eye is as bright, his heart as full of warmth and cheer, and his hand as eager for its work as in his youth. Time has mellowed his nature, but it has not abated his love for the true and the beautiful, nor extinguished the flame of honorable ambition within him. He devotes himself unselfishly and conscientiously to his art, and we may confidently look for still better things from his brush.

* See full page engraving at the beginning of this number.

† See engraving of this painting in THE MIDLAND of December, 1895.



THE KISS.

I
NTO his eyes I looked. A shadow came,
Dimming those lakes of love which mirrored mine.
A sudden color,—do not call it shame,
Heated my face and his so close to mine.

I turned to read, in hesitating way,
Of love, some line or two, but my voice fell
Into a whisper faint. I could not say
Those ardent words and not feel all their spell.

Into his eyes I looked again and knew
The one request his red lips dared not make.
A short sweet moment passed and then he drew
Me nearer, nearer:—O for love's dear sake

I could not tell him nay. No word I said,
But bent in fashion meek till lips met mine;—
And through my languid veins till I am dead,
Will run the memory of that kiss divine!

Elizabeth Cherry Haire.

ACROSS COUNTRY IN A VAN.*

BY MARY AVIS SCOTT.

IV.

YES, we are in Texas! But, what can one say then, unless, with the Englishman who visited America, he truthfully admits that "You cawnt tell anything about the blawsted country, the country's so blawsted la-a-rge, you know."

It is difficult to realize what an immense state this one-time republic has given to our nation. A grand and glorious state, but withal, and foremost in consideration, an *immense* state, out of which might be carved a dozen other commonwealths (if the dozen were selected from the North Atlantic coast, where they are smaller than on the prairies), and after this division each new, made state would possess all the natural resources enjoyed by any one other state. This seems almost incredible, and perhaps I may be pardoned for emphasizing the possibilities for truth in my state-

ment by calling to your attention in yet more forcible language—that of comparison—the *bigness* of that whereof I speak. The distance across Texas from east to west more than equals in miles one-third of the entire distance from Charleston to Los Angeles, or from ocean to ocean. Again, the distance between the most northern point of Texas and its most southern point is more than one-half the distance between Canada and Mexico. I do not advance these items as news, but as my excuse for saying that travel by wagon over a thousand miles of Texas soil indicates an acquaintance with only a very limited portion of this largest state in the Union.

As to its resources—"their name is Legion." There is literally "no mineral product of importance not contained in workable quantities within its boundaries. There are also many deposits of value

not found elsewhere on the continent, and some which do not occur in such favorable situations anywhere else in the world."† The vegetable products are numerous, but not so manifold as the mineral, notwithstanding the soil is of many varieties. It is not a good fruit country. With the exception of grapes and pecan nuts, few fruits yield a profit to the planter. A very limited portion of the state is suffi-

† State Geologist's Report.



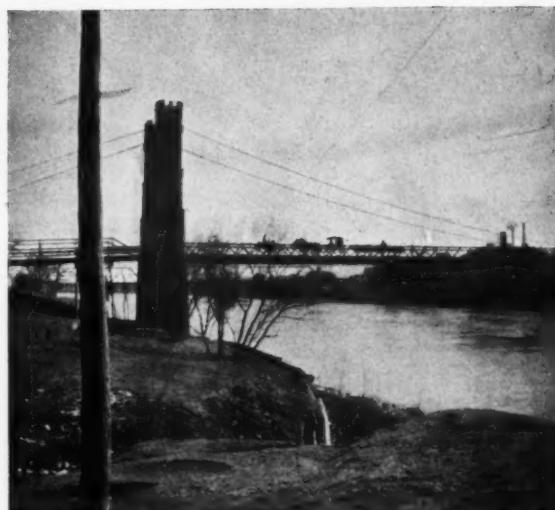
LIVE OAKS NORTH OF WACO, TEXAS.

*Begun in the February MIDLAND.

ciently secure from frost to produce the citrus fruits, but the cereals are all profitable crops.

Withal, Cotton is King! And yet, Texas is generous even in regard to her staple, for, with land enough to produce the entire cotton crop of the world, she contents herself with producing something more than one-fourth the amount raised in the United States. But how this cotton does put one in touch with the world! One has but to metamorphose himself into a tiny cotton seed to skirt the shores of the Mediterranean, and at small cost buy himself a new dress; then return to the land of his birth—not as plebeian cotton-seed oil, but as a patrician with a foreign name, which, being interpreted, reads, "Pure Olive Oil." Or, in dainty yellow may he go to England to be incarcerated there. From this voyage there is no return, for England ships no beef to America.

By the way, the man who shipped the first cotton-seed oil cake to England is said to live in Sherman. A little more than half a century ago Captain Forbes shipped from New Orleans, where he then lived, to Great Britain, some forty or fifty tons of oil cake, and from that beginning the business has been profitable. And all the way from the Red River to the Gulf have we had evidences of the presence of the king. Not the imagination even can follow him in his pilgrimage. To the Mediterranean in the form of oil, and the British Isles in meal and oil-cake are the very least of his travels. All through New England and the South the manufacturers of cotton



BRAZOS RIVER AND THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT WACO, TEXAS.

cloth know him well. He is the packer's surest friend when the hog crop fails. The soap-maker provides him boxes in which to travel farther. The tallow-chandler gives him lessons in usefulness. His worn-out clothes, the ashen-hued hulls, furnish the fuel which feeds his mill and then the ashes, bleached for lye, enter the kitchens of the land and promote our homes and habiliments to that plane which is "next to godliness." Thus has the king in his peregrinations entered every station, been all things to all men and a servant to mankind at every step and turn. All hail the King!

Sherman, the aforetime mentioned, is the county seat of Grayson county. Both town and county, as may be said of the larger number of towns and counties in Texas, by their names revivify the history of the state; the one carries us back to the Texan independence and the other to the battle of San Jacinto by which that independence was made possible. The county is a rich one and the county-seat evidences much wealth and culture. It attracted us with its clean, well-ordered appearance and its thriving factories.



CONGRESS AVENUE, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

From the Governor's balcony of the Capitol, showing the County Court House on the left, the Temporary Capitol on the right, and the Alamo Monument in the foreground to the left.

Here is located the largest cotton-seed oil mill in the world. We learned of its existence in a manner rather amusing. As we were entering the city we met a horseman, who stated that his home was in the neighborhood and this his post-office. Whereupon he was asked to give the names of the public institutions of which the city boasts. With some hesitation he did so as follows:

"Institutions? Well, there's the oil mill," pointing, "and you came by Austin College up there, and then—there's the factory, and I guess that's about all."

The factory proved to be the cotton bag factory which, during the season, daily causes the wondrous transformation of five bales of cotton into 3,000 cotton bags. By the ingenuity of man, machines have been invented and are here in use, by which raw cotton from the farmer's wagon may be taken in at one end of the factory and the finished seamless bag taken from the other and shipped to Yankedom. A Southern bag to hold Northern grain!

Down the line of the M., K. & T., through the richest agricultural lands in Texas, we drove to Dallas; where, in the atmosphere of holly and mistletoe, we spent a quiet, restful and happy Christmas. Here we were introduced to the "Mayor of Texas." As said mayor was elected by the people of Dallas we concluded this figure might be taken as symbolical of the unity of the "Lone Star State," wherein, "what is yours is mine," etc.

On to Waxahatchie, the heart of the black waxy lands,—and a most interesting and thriving town. This black land is a most curious thing, of which wonderful tales are told,—tales which passed our powers of credulity at first. But we have come to it now. We have seen the land, the crops it makes and the mud it makes, and believe everything! So no allowance need be made for anything I say concerning it. It is all "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." To paraphrase the immortal Patrick Henry, "if this be perjury, make the most of it." The black land seems to be a combination in exactly the right proportions of decayed vegetation and disintegrating limestone, and as a consequence produces most marvelous crops even in dry and otherwise "bad seasons." The land where cotton and corn at the rate of one-third of a bale of the one and twenty bushels of the other can be raised on every acre without a drop of rain from May until September must be good land, you know.

But that is nothing compared with the

crop that was raised in Waxahatchie. I didn't hear whether there was rain or not, but it doesn't matter. A lady sat by her window sewing; a naughty gust of wind (there usually is wind in Texas) stole the paper of needles and carried them away. It was thought they were lost. But not so. The morning light recovered them with interest, for the entire yard was converted into a field of crowbars!

It was a man in Waxahatchie, too, who complained that the town was not getting its fair share of the cotton of the country for shipment. Enquiry, however, elicited the information that the year's shipment had been 50,000 bales! The town's population is 4,000; twelve and one-half bales for each man, woman and child in the town! Now we can understand why Waxahatchie is acknowledged to be the largest cotton market for its size in the world.

Hillsboro is built in a little depression between the surrounding high lands. The same black land of which we had heard induced us to stop over a day at this misnamed town. The mud which the black land produces when it sets to work in earnest really can not be beaten; and after hearing of the running gear of a wagon, *sans* box, *sans* everything, being left in the lane because six mules could not move it, we concluded to stop until the mud rolled by. It was during this enforced rest that the "gallery" witnessed an interesting conversation on the horticultural interests of the North and the South.

Said the Southern woman: "I reckon you all have chinquepins up Nawth?"

Northern girl [hesitatingly, wonderingly and doubtfully]: No-o; what are they?

S. W: Don't you know? Why just chinquepins!

A condescending voice from the couch within called out an explanation which was satisfactory to each, and the conversation was renewed.

N. G: You raise peanuts here, don't you?

S. W [with that intonation which implies total ignorance]: No.

From within the condescending helper called again the one word "Goobers."

S. W [astonished]: Law sakes! do you call 'em peanuts?

N. G [equally so]: Do you always say goobers?

By travel is one's vocabulary much enlarged.

Waco in its name perpetuates the memory of the tribe of Indians, the Huecos, whose village site the Americans have appropriated. It was in 1830 that the prosperous village of the Hueco Indians was wiped out of existence and the



PORTRAIT OF SAM HOUSTON, WHICH HANGS IN THE HOUSE
IN THE NEW CAPITOL AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.



BEN THOMPSON,
Visitor at the Scott family camp at Austin, Texas.

tribe completely exterminated by the Cherokees. And now, sixty odd years later, we find upon the banks of the Brazos the most cosmopolitan little city we have met with in our trip. During the holidays a social gathering in Waco, at which some fifty people met for pleasant converse, was astonished at itself by the discovery that, of its component parts, three-fifths only was native Texan. There were in the gathering, Greeks, Frenchmen, Irishmen, Poles, Americans from every state in the Union—but of Texans there were three only.

Waco is also energetic and business-like and has many substantial and elegant buildings among its business and residence blocks, but has the distinction of still allowing to stand in the center of its town a monument to the conservatism of its people,—the shabbiest city hall and court-house we have seen in this land of notably beautiful public buildings. The natatorium is said to be the finest in the United States,—a statement easily credited by one who has seen it. It is a beautiful building, both externally and

internally, with well appointed office, parlors, individual baths of various kinds, an excellent café, and, best of all, a most delightful pool. It is supplied with fresh water by an artesian well, one of nearly twenty-five in and near Waco and at least twenty within the city limits. Seven years ago Mr. Bell put down the first artesian well in Waco, finding a magnificent flow of remarkably clear and sweet water at a depth of 1,830 feet and now the city is supplied with a score of these wells averaging in depth 1,860 feet, and in temperature 103° F.

It was on leaving Waco that perhaps the pleasantest incident of our trip occurred.

For luncheon we halted in front of a farm house on the top of an elevation from which we could see fifty miles. Just as we were setting out the sandwiches with which we had supplied ourselves, the owner of the place came out to the wagon, holding in one hand a pitcher of milk and in the other a bowl of the richest of rich cream. These he donated to the travelers. Truly, Southern hospitality can not be too much extolled, if this be a sample, for where were strangers ever more kindly welcomed?

As we journeyed southward, though it was midwinter we saw men plowing in the fields, often using three, and perhaps still oftener four, horses. Only the occasional farmer turned his furrow with a single team of mules.

All along the way we see large country school-houses, generally two-storied, beside which the livelong day the patient beast of burden nods his sleepy head as he waits for Mary, John or Jim, or all of them. We frequently meet these little Darbys and Joans on their schoolward way, and mark the two, three, sometimes

four, little urchins upon a single beast,—which often is the Mexican kinsman of the beast that Balaam rode,—and we are led to wonder why these urchins speak not the Spanish tongue. It would seem as if the burro-rider should easily acquire its liquid sounds.

In Southwestern Texas there are many German settlements. These we always recognize by their general indications of thrift; and sometimes we remember them beyond the hour. One German shall be with us in our nightmares for many years to come. He, the unaccommodating, would not help us out of the pit.

It was only a mud-hole, this dreaded thing. But never apply the word "only" to a Texas mud-hole! The Colonel in his light buggy managed to get through, but was not long in discovering that it meant trouble for the van, and, with the idea that nothing else remained, drove to him who was discovered to be the owner of the land on both sides of this dread "slough of despond," for permission to take down the fence and go through the pasture. But instead of the expected consent a gruff denial was all that could be obtained, and for awhile it looked as if for once we must retrace our steps. Nor love, nor money would avail; the "no" was all we got, and in disgust the envoy turned to leave when fortune placed within his way the services of two hardy teamsters whose doubled teams had just made the frightful pull with loads of posts, a weight quite equal to our own. Between our lead horse and the wheel team the four fresh Texans settled down to work and with seven horses we pulled the dangerous half-mile. But I am afraid we were not sufficiently thankful, for one of our party wickedly longed for cockle-

burrs with which to sow the German's pasture! But then we carried off a good amount of fertile Texas soil, quite enough to plant a cotton field, I'm sure. Perhaps that should suffice.

Austin, the capital of Texas, and the county seat of Travis county! What a wonderful triumvirate—Texas, Travis and Austin! We are reminded of Webster's immortal phrase, "One and inseparable; now and forever." For where had Texas been without Austin, whose colonists in 1823 found no single settler from the Sabine to the Colorado! And what a world of glory has the name of Travis heaped on Texas soil! But of this, enough. The namesake of the colonizer is built upon more hills than is Rome, and, instead of the Tiber, it has the Colorado with its vermillion coloring and beautiful scenery. And what has Rome to compare with Lake Macdonald? I do not know. I have not been there. Lake Macdonald is the back-water of the river, caused by the great dam which an enterprising somebody, a few years ago, caused to be built above the city. This dam, the largest in the world, is built of granite, is 1,400 feet long and seventy feet high, and forms the largest artificial body of water in the world,—a lake thirty miles long and from forty to sixty feet deep. See how superlatives abound in Austin! The Capitol is called the second largest building in this country, and in the House of Representatives it holds the finest portrait that could be painted, I fancy, of Sam Houston—Sam Houston, President of the Republic and Governor of the State. Brave Sam Houston! who, even at San Jacinto, found no such opportunity for greatness as he discovered in 1861 when he refused to acknowledge the articles of secession and was deposed therefor.

MORNING.

THE crimson petals of the dawn unfold
Till they reveal its heart of yellow gold;
And, on the dead night's dim and silent tomb,
The rose of day bursts into perfect bloom.

Beth Day.

THE CLUB MOVEMENT IN KANSAS.

BY LILIAN WALKER HALE.

State Chairman of Correspondence, General Federation Women's Clubs.

BORN in the dawn of civil war, whose pre-natal environment was strife, pro-slavery and free soil, Kansas acquired the adjective "bleeding" before her name. She has been looked upon by her elder sisters as is a brilliant, startling girl whose doings are sure to be sensational and spectacular. What she might do next to shock her more conservative elders has caused them to often view her askance with suspicious disapproval. She is suspected of having herself brought about, in some occult way, the cataclysmal grasshopper; she is supposed to have sown the wind and is expected, in consequence, to reap the cyclone.

Kansas is climatically extreme; at one end of her broad domain she smiles with harvests in magnitude and abundance like the grapes of Eshcol. At the other, she burns and suffers in arid, desert lands where there is no sound of running brooks, no "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

As Kansas is, so are her daughters. She has the sensational, spectacular, political woman, who is sometimes taken seriously as typical. Her true daughter is the refined, progressive club woman, who labors along the line of true advancement, not at all pyrotechnically, but faithfully and without pause.

It is not strange that Lawrence, the historic, the scene of a rebel raid, of fire

and carnage, should be first to establish a woman's club west of the Mississippi river.

Miss E. P. Leonard, instructor in French and German at the State University, organized, on December 5, 1871, the Friends in Council, on the plan of her home club in Quincy, Illinois; she was chosen President of the Lawrence Club.

Recognizing the need for expression and expansion, the women of Kansas

and western Missouri were called together May 19, 1881, at Leavenworth, where the Social Science Club came into being with one hundred charter members, all representative women. For twelve years it prospered until it embraced eighty towns and a membership of seven hundred. Originally it covered six towns, Atchison, Leavenworth, Lawrence, Topeka and Wyandotte, in Kansas, and Kansas City in Missouri.

Mrs. Mary T. Gray was the first President,—a wise choice. She is a woman widely known, of the broadest knowledge, the completest culture. Wise and tactful in her administration, for two years she and her associate, Mrs. C. H. Cushing, head of the Executive Committee, carefully planned for and carried on together the new ambitious enterprise. The third year Mrs. Cushing was chosen President; she not only gave her love and labor to the Social Science Club, but



MRS. JOHN A. (LILIAN WALKER) HALE,
Kansas City, Kansas, State Chairman of Correspondence,
General Federation of Women's Clubs.

was also the founder of a noble charity, the Home for Friendless Women, which has been, for almost a generation, all the name implies. The Home and the Woman's Club were intimately associated. The women of Kansas made this work, to a great extent, their care.

Second only to Sorosis was the Social Science Club. The fostering mother of small clubs, it was in essence the first federation of women's clubs, as the smaller clubs were more or less auxiliary to it. In time it became evident the club should adapt itself to new conditions, and from its necessities was evolved the federation idea.

At Newton, May, 1893, the name of the organization was changed to the Social Science Federation. Its boundaries were extended to admit of club as well as individual membership.

At the meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, at the World's Fair, May, 1893, Mrs. Osgood, of Maine, and Mrs. Scammon, of Kansas City, reported from these widely separated localities the formation of state federations. Maine and Kansas, therefore, may share the honor of having formed the first State Federations of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Laura E. Scammon*, of Kansas

*Mrs. Scammon's portrait appeared in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for April.



MRS. C. H. CUSHING,
Second President of the Social Science Federation.

City, Missouri, for four years President, saw that changes must be made to bring the Social Science Federation into line with other state federations. This meant the renunciation of the work which had grown so dear to her; but the plans were carefully matured and faithfully executed, and she bade farewell, as officer and laborer, to the Kansas Social Science Federation, at the conclusion of the annual meeting, May, 1895, where, on motion of Mrs. Cushing, action was finally taken to change the organization into a strictly state federation. Mixed clubs are admitted and encouraged, as it is the belief that men and women do the best work, not on separate lines, but side by side.

Mr. George P. Morehouse, of Council Grove, has twice represented the Shakespeare Club of that place at the State Federation conventions; Mr. Morehouse has the courage of his convictions; he is a firm believer in mixed clubs, and unmindful of the comments of "funny" newspaper reporters, he comes as the "lone man delegate" and even on occasion "speaks in meeting" and always receives a welcome; he declares that he profits by the association with other club people.

The original plan of the Social Science



MRS. MARY T. GRAY,
First President of the Social Science Federation.

Club is kept intact. So broad and firm were the foundations of the first builders, that they serve for all time, and the most modern of progressive ideas cannot suggest improvement. The several departments are: History and Civil Government, Philanthropy and Reform, Domestic Science, Education, Art, Literature, Archaeology. New features added are:

the chief objects. A lecture bureau and a traveling library form part of its work.

The Kansas Federation owes much to the Missouri women who for so many years, gave generously of their best for the Social Science Club, and established a bond which may not be broken by any geographical line, however sharply drawn. When each state retired within



MRS. WILLIS LORD MOORE,
President of the State Federation of Kansas.

A vice-president in each congressional district, a Bureau of Reciprocity, the business of which is to secure the best papers, on any subject from all clubs, and these are passed to other clubs to be read, if the club so desire. The best paper in any department is selected by a committee and is read by its author at the regular meeting of the Federation. Courses of study are issued by the Federation, which may be used at option by any club. General club extension work is one of

her borders, not by wish of the women, but compelled by the inexorable law of progress, the Kansans, to show their gratitude and affection, made the Missourians life members of the Kansas Federation.

These women, many of them venerable, are still active club women and ardently support the young Missouri Federation. Beautiful it is to see their frosted locks as these women rise and speak, full of advanced ideas, fired with desire to do good,

not only keeping pace with but leading the younger women.

Mrs. L. B. Kellogg of Emporia, an able lawyer, was elected first President of the Kansas State organization; she served one year.

Mrs. Willis Lord Moore of Hutchinson, succeeded her, and is now the honored head of the State Federation. Mrs. Moore is a lovely woman in person and character, of noble intellect, ardently desirous of doing the greatest good to the greatest number. She was recently distinguished at the meeting of the Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, at Washington, D. C., by being appointed one of a committee to revise the constitution of that body.

Other officers of the Federation are: Mrs. L. B. Kellogg, of Emporia, vice-President; Miss Frances E. Hall, of Fort Scott, Recording Secretary; Mrs. E. May Curtis-Root, of Council Grove, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. George W. Winans, President of Woman's Club, of Hutchinson, Auditor; Mrs. Henrietta Stoddard Turner, Treasurer.

The next meeting of the Kansas Social Science Federation will be in May, at Hutchinson; the Woman's Club will be hostess, aided by the Men's Commercial Club, which donates the use of its beautiful rooms to the Federation. Together



MRS. E. MAY CURTIS-ROOT,
Corresponding Secretary of the State Federation.

they will royally entertain. Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, President of G. F. W. C., will be present; her gracious presence will add much to the interest and pleasure of the occasion.

Mrs. Noble L. Prentis*, sixth President of the Social Science Club, though now living in Missouri, is still claimed as a Kansas woman. An active club woman, though not now strictly a member of any club, she devotes her time and effort to charitable work and the conducting of the Woman's Department of the Ottawa Assembly *Herald*.

A new feature has been added to club

*Mrs. Prentis' portrait appeared in THE MID-LAND MONTHLY for April.



MRS. L. B. KELLOGG,

Seventh President of the Social Science Club, first President of the State Federation, and present Vice-President of that body.

life in Kansas with the District Federation formed at Newton, December 29, 1896.

In response to a call sent out by Mrs. S. R. Peters, vice-President for the Seventh Congressional district, twelve clubs sent delegates to Newton to discuss the feasibility of forming such a federation. It was formed, with Mrs. S. R. Peters, President of the Themian Club, Newton, President; Mrs. Mercy Griffith Hammond, of Sterling, vice-President; Mrs. Belle W. Burket, Kingman, Second vice-President; Mrs. A. P. Morse, Newton, Secretary; Mrs. Bennett, Wichita, Treasurer. This Federation will meet annually and the next session will be at Wichita, to be entertained by Hypatia Club of that city, one of the most progressive and cultured clubs in the State. Hypatia has taken a new departure by electing Miss Mabel Millison, "the girl President" to the chair. Mrs. H. G. Toler, the author of much charming literature, is a member and an ex-President; she has also been President of the Western Authors and Artists' Club, a distinction shared by many of the foremost literary men of the West. Mrs. Toler is the only woman who has held

that office. Hypatia has eighty members; some of the great names of the country are on her honorary list. Mrs. Mary C. Todd was sent as a delegate to the twenty-first anniversary of Sorosis, and Hypatia is a charter member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs organized at that convention.

The Themian Club does work of a sound, practical nature. It has secured early closing by the merchants of Newton, and a curfew ordinance which compels people of tender years to be at home at a seasonable hour. It concerns itself with municipal affairs, to their evident betterment. Its club rooms are open to country visitors who come to town, where they are welcomed and pleasantly entertained. The Themian has seventy-five members.

The Hutchinson Woman's Club has presented a park and fountain to the city, has opened a public library and works with the city government for municipal improvement and the dispensation of charity. It furnishes two of the State officers, the President and the Auditor. It numbers about one hundred members.

City Federations of Women's Clubs have taken a firm hold in the State. The



MRS. GEORGE W. WINANS,
President of the Hutchinson Woman's Club, and Auditor
of the Kansas State Federation.

first city federation to organize anywhere was the Federation of Clubs of Kansas City, Kansas, formerly Wyandotte. The nine clubs so organized for the purpose of building up a public library. They secured a State charter and have now a good library. The initial volumes were a collection owned by the Monday Club, which they turned in, together with others donated by members of other clubs; the Travelers' Club, the oldest in the city, doing a large part of the first year's work providing valuable reference books. This Federation was organized in January, 1893, antedating the first State feder-



MRS. S. R. PETERS.

Of Newton, President of the Seventh District Federation.

The clubs of this Federation are: The Travelers' Club, the Monday Club, History Class, Chautauqua Circle, Ingleside, Argentine, Woman's Reading Circle, Social Hour and Neighbors' Club. The present President is Mrs. Winfield Freeman, an able woman, whose personal efforts went far to make possible and then successful Bethany Hospital, largely a charitable institution. Mrs. John A.

MRS. HENRIETTA STODDARD TURNER.
Treasurer of the Federation for the last twelve years.

ation. Mrs. S. A. Richart was the first President. She is spending the evening of her life in unselfish labor and devotion to the library—which will remain long after she is gone, a monument to her memory.

In August, 1896, this Federation of clubs, together with others interested, secured the passage by the City Council of an ordinance appropriating to the use of the library the tax on dogs and fines for other animals impounded, with such provisions as make the act legal under the statute. This nets a handsome sum yearly, and will in time build a great library.



MERCY GRIFFITH HAMMOND.

Sterling, Kansas, First Vice-President Seventh District Federation.



MISS FRANCES E. HALL,
Fort Scott, Kansas, Recording Secretary of the State Federation.

Hale is vice-President; Mrs. Dow McLain, Secretary, and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Treasurer.

The Lawrence clubs formed a City Federation November, 1895, for the purpose of benefiting first city, then State. With a membership of almost two hundred, its power is very great.

The Zodiac Club, one of the oldest in the State, organized 1878, has always been at the front of club advancement. Lawrence is truly blest in her clubs, thirteen in number.

The Topeka clubs, eighteen in all, make a grand showing, as befits the capital of the State. Of these, the Atlantean, Mrs. T. H. Church, among the most active of the Social Scientists, is the President. The Occidental is an old club, as is Western Sorosis. The Topeka clubs are considering a city federation.

Leavenworth is a club town with eleven actively working clubs.

The Saturday Club is one of the oldest in the State and is, in a way, the mother of the State Federa-

tion, as the Social Science Club was organized chiefly by individual members of that club. Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. D. Byington are members, and Mrs. Mayo is, I believe, the oldest club woman in Kansas, being past eighty and still an active "club woman."

The Library Association is composed of six of the strongest clubs.

The Fort Leavenworth Century Club is entirely unique, being the only army women's club in the United States. Its management is naturally military rather than civic, and has a department of



MRS. A. P. MORSE,
Newton, Kansas, Secretary of the Seventh District Federation.

army and navy news. There is a Jewish women's club at Leavenworth; the Rabbi's daughter is its President. That city also has a Catholic Literary Club.

The Leavenworth Art League, numbers about eighty-five. It has an art school and publishes a monthly paper, the *Art League Chronicle*, of which Mrs. Moore is editor. Mrs. S. W. Jones is President of the Art League.

Fort Scott has five clubs; the senior is Castalia. Miss Hall, Secretary of the Federation, is from Fort Scott.



MRS. BELLE W. BURKET,
Kingman, Kansas, Second Vice-President, Seventh
District Federation.

Paola, the home of the Treasurer, Mrs. Turner, has four clubs.

The clubs publishing year books are: Friends in Council, Lawrence; Hypatia, Wichita; Saturday Club, Hiawatha; S. L. K., Troy,—a very old club; M. P. M., Ottawa; Monday Club, Kansas City.

The clubs of the State are more than one hundred in number, and the variety of their pursuits is infinite and original.

All over the State to the westernmost limit of the Corn Belt are the homes of club women, wherein the latest magazines and the best books are to be found;



MISS MABEL MILLISON,
Wichita, Kansas, Hypatia's "Girl President."

where good pictures adorn the artistic walls. These homes, those of the suffragists, the reformers, the radicals, the conservatives—all show alike the high plane upon which the Kansas woman stands, from which she aspires to attain a yet higher, living the motto of her State, *ad astra per aspera*.



MRS. SARAH A. RICHART,
First President of the Kansas City, Kansas, Federation.



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC—THE OBJECTIVE POINT IN THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.
(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XV.

OCCUPATION OF THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

FORMAL recognition of Lieutenant Grant's brilliant services were made in all the reports of his senior officers at the time,—Major Lee, General Garland, and General Worth—and are of record in the War Department.*

A portion of the army, with bars, and picks and sledge-hammers were engaged during the night cutting passage-ways through walls, from house to house, to

*Captain Horace Brooks of the Artillery, in his report of the battle of Chapultepec, says:

"I succeeded in reaching the fort with a few men. Here Lieut. U. S. Grant and a few more men of the 4th Infantry found me, and by a joint movement and after an obstinate resistance, a strong field-work was carried and the enemy's right completely turned."

Major Frank Lee, who commanded the 4th Infantry at Chapultepec, says in his official report:

"Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th."

General Garland in his report said:

"The enemy was driven by detachments of the

penetrate the city, and when morning dawned, General Santa Anna, with his army, and the officers of the Mexican Government, had departed.

General Quitman and General Worth both entered the city at the same time on their respective roads, hoisted the American flag on the National Palace and Government buildings, and took formal possession of the Capital of Mexico.

Although the Mexican army had retreated from the city, escaped convicts, deserters and belligerent citizens kept up

4th Infantry under Lieutenant Grant after a sharp conflict..... A howitzer on the top of a convent, under the direction of [Lieutenant Grant, quartermaster of the 4th Infantry, annoyed the enemy considerably..... I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation."

General Worth says in his report:

"I have again to make acknowledgments to Garland and Clarke, brigade commanders, and their respective staffs, and to Grant, 4th Infantry, especially."

an irregular fire of small arms from house-tops and other concealed places, and it was a day or two before this was effectually suppressed. Meantime a number of American soldiers and officers were killed. Lieutenant Sidney Smith of the 4th Infantry was one of these, and by his death Grant was promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant. He had been actively engaged in every battle of the Mexican War, (except Buena Vista, which was fought by General Taylor after Grant joined Scott,) and in scores of brilliant skirmishes, and now at the end of hostilities he had only reached a First Lieutenancy,—so slow were promotions in those days. He had, however, gained two brevets for meritorious service in action.

Before the army advanced to the central part of the city, a delegation from the city council waited upon General Scott to negotiate terms of capitulation. He answered them with great kindness, but equal firmness, "I regret the silent escape of the Mexican army, but I shall levy upon the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and the American army shall come under no terms,

not *self-imposed*,—such only as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, shall in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose."

The next day, "under a brilliant sun," says General Scott in his official report, "I entered the city at the head of the cavalry, cheered by Worth's division of regulars drawn up in order of battle in the Alameda, and by Quitman's division of volunteers in the grand Plaza between the National Palace and the Cathedral—all the bands playing in succession, 'Hail Columbia,' 'Washington's March,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Hail to the Chief,' etc. Even the inhabitants, catching the enthusiasm of the moment, filled the windows and lined the parapets, cheering the cavalcade as it passed at the gallop."

He halted in front of the palace, and took formal possession of it as his headquarters, dating his "General Orders No. 286" at "Headquarters of the Army, National Palace of Mexico."

The following day the British consul called upon General Scott to ask for a passport and an escort of cavalry in behalf of the young and beautiful wife of



SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO—ZOCALO Y CATHEDRAL IN BACKGROUND.



SCENE IN THE ALAMEDA, CITY OF MEXICO.

President Santa Anna, to enable her to join her husband. General Scott readily promised both; but, finally, she only accepted the passport, deeming that a sufficient protection. He intended to pay his respects to the fair lady before she departed, but feared that others might consider it "a vaunt" on his part.

There had been captured nearly 4,000 prisoners, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been presidents of the republic; more than twenty colors and standards, 140 field and heavy guns, 20,000 small arms, and an immense quantity of shot, shells, powder, etc., etc.

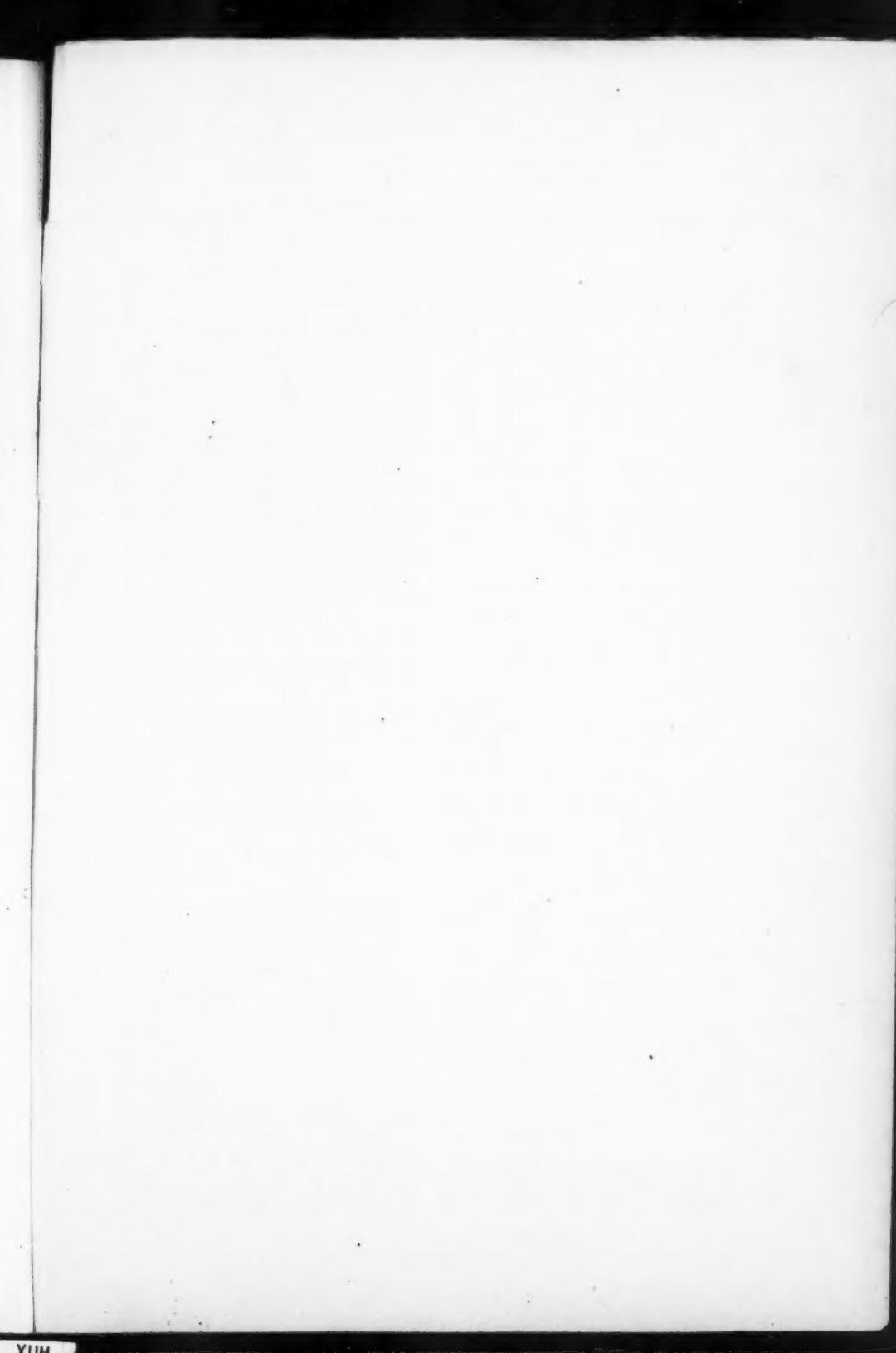
Thus was completed the military conquest of Mexico.

One of the most graceful allusions to this achievement which I have seen anywhere in English, was made by Sir Henry Bulwer, at one time British minister to Washington. He said: "If Waverly and Guy Mannering had made the name of Scott immortal on one side of the Atlantic, Cerro Gordo and Churubusco had equally immortalized it on the other. If the novelist had given the garb of truth to fiction, had not the warrior given to truth the air of romance?"

In all these great achievements Grant was, though inconspicuous, nevertheless a very active and effective instrument. There was no part of it in which he did not participate, and participate efficiently. No part of it escaped his critical observation.

His mastery in the management of horses and his splendid horsemanship were important factors in his success in handling his quartermaster and commissary trains.

General Hays, who was killed in one of the Battles of the Wilderness and who was a young officer and friend of Grant in the Mexican War, told the author that Grant's ability in that particular was always a surprise to him; that "there was no road so bad, or so obstructed with the army or other wagon trains, but that Grant, in some mysterious way, would work his train through and have it in the camp of his brigade before the campfires were lighted." He related an incident illustrating this. In moving around the south side of the city and lake, the army had to make new roads over very difficult ground, and these became obstructed as night approached. One of Grant's teamsters became separated from his train





and was at the rear of the army inquiring for Grant. General Garland, whose brigade was at the front a mile or more distant, but who had gone to the rear to see General Scott, heard the man make the inquiry, and sharply reprimanded him for being absent from duty, saying, "Who ever heard of Grant being found at the rear! You will find him at the front, sir, with his command! Begone!"

At the time of the Mexican campaign Grant thought General Scott one of the "immortals" as a commander, and one of the very greatest strategists of the age and yet he did not hesitate to do some independent thinking for himself.

He tells us in his Memoirs that, in his opinion, the army should have passed around the north side of the city, instead of the south, and thus would have avoided fighting the desperate and bloody battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec where so many lives were lost. But he is too modest to tell us that this was his opinion at the very time the operations were in progress.

Under date of September 12th, during the armistice which had existed since the battle of Churubusco, on August 22d, and only the day before the battle of Molino del Rey, Lieutenant Grant wrote a private letter in which he described the advance of the army and its battles up to date, and he thus expressed his opinion of their position:

You will thus see the difficult and brilliant work our army has been doing. If Santa Anna does not surrender the city, or peace be negotiated, much more hard fighting may be expected, as I foresee, before the city is captured. My observations convince me that we have other strong works to reduce before we can enter the city. Our position is such that we cannot avoid these. From my map and all the information I acquired while the army was halted at Puebla, I was then, and am now more than ever, convinced that the army could have approached the city by passing around north of it, and reached the northwest side, and avoided all the fortified positions, until we reached the gates of the city at their weakest and most indefensible, as well as most approachable points. The roads and defenses I had carefully noted on my map, and I had communicated the knowledge I had acquired from Mexican scouts in our camp, and others I met at Puebla who were familiar with the ground, to such of my superiors as it seemed proper, but I know not whether General Scott was put in possession of the information. It is to be presumed however, that the commanding General had possessed himself of all the facts.

It seems to me the northwest side of the city could have been approached without attacking a

single fort or redoubt, we would have been on solid ground instead of floundering through morass and ditches, and fighting our way over elevated roads, flanked by water where it is generally impossible to deploy forces.

What I say is entirely confidential, and I am willing to believe that the opinion of a lieutenant, where it differs from that of his commanding General, *must* be founded on *ignorance* of the situation, and you will consider my criticisms accordingly.

Here is the modest conclusion of an observant young officer, an embryo military genius, who allowed nothing to escape him. In view of Grant's after career, the letter is full of interest, revealing a mind even then capable of grasping the details of great problems. Grant did not vaunt his opinions. And yet the ablest military men in the army since then have generally agreed that Scott's best route was the one indicated by Grant.

In after years, when all the facts and conditions are known, it is easy to criticize the movements of a General, but it is important to remember, in weighing and measuring Grant, that at the time, with the knowledge he *then* possessed, he would have moved on the very lines which the best military critics *now*, in the light of all the conditions, point out as the best.

In after years, while leading a retired life on his farm, his Mexican War experiences were always a subject of interesting reminiscence. The difficulty experienced by his friends was in Grant's avoidance of every incident in which he personally figured with any credit. But if the conversation suggested some failure, or mishap, or joke on himself, he would relate it with evident enjoyment.

One thing that always amused Grant was the fact that the Mexicans glory in the battles of Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, and annually celebrate them as great victories. In his Memoirs he refers to this fact to illustrate a similarly absurd idea entertained by a few people in our own country. He states it so admirably that I quote:

With us, now twenty years after the close of the most stupendous war ever known, we have writers who profess devotion to the Nation, engaged in trying to prove that the Union forces were not victorious, practically. They say we were slashed

around from Donelson to Vicksburg and to Chattanooga; and in the East from Gettysburg to Appomattox, when the physical rebellion gave out from sheer exhaustion.

There is no difference in the amount of romance in the two stories.

After the occupation of the capital, and all armed resistance had ceased, serious problems at once arose. Here was a populous city,—nearly one hundred thousand,—with a million or more inhabitants in its vicinage, freed from the restraints of their own authorities and the potent influence of law. It also seemed probable, after the dispersion of its government, that Mexico might have to be occupied by the army for a long time. It had been hoped by General Scott that a treaty of peace would be negotiated as soon as the capital fell, and before the national authorities abandoned their offices and portfolios. It was desired to strike down all military resistance of the Mexican army, but not to overthrow the organized civil government.

Retreating from the City of Mexico, the Mexican government reassembled at Queretaro, about one hundred and forty miles distant, whither our commissioner, Mr. Trist, proceeded, and negotiations for peace progressed,—but progressed slowly. Meantime detachments of the army occupied several of the most important cities in Central Mexico.

Grant was kept busy in his duties assisting to procure supplies for the army. Nor did he idle away the time not thus employed.

There was nothing interesting or instructive in or about the capital which he did not investigate, and it was interesting to hear him explain all the intricacies of the administration of the Mexican government, and in what particulars it differed from our own. He was able to describe every minutiae in the peculiar city governments, and the many good points he discovered in them; also the features that seemed amusing to an American.

The Mexican coinage laws, their mining laws, their modes of raising revenue, the administration of justice, the security for life and property and the or-

ganization of their army; the habits and customs and the civilization in Mexico;—all these Grant had quite mastered. I never came in contact with any other man who seemed so completely master of all knowledge touching the Mexican régime, and it seemed amazing that a man who had the duties to perform that Grant had could have acquired so much useful knowledge concerning the country in the four months which elapsed between the cessation of hostilities and the retirement of the army from Mexico.

Pending the long-continued negotiations for peace, General Scott was obliged to maintain martial law, and inaugurate efficient measures for the government of the cities occupied by our army. These measures have been regarded as models in civilized warfare.

The private citizen and his property were absolutely protected. No supplies for the army were taken without full compensation. Every crime was to be severely punished.

"The administration of justice, both in civil and criminal matters, through the ordinary courts of the country, shall nowhere and in no degree, be interrupted by any officer or soldier of the American force, except where American officers or soldiers were parties," thus ran the proclamation.

Mexican police were to be organized and maintained in every city.

"This splendid capital," he ordered,— "its churches and religious worship; its convents and monasteries; its inhabitants and property, are, moreover, placed under the special safeguard of the faith and honor of the American army."

This honorable conduct secured the confidence of the Mexicans, and fraternization at once resulted.

Kind treatment of the people, and the payment of large sums of money for army supplies and the other expenditures of the army made more prosperous times than the Mexicans had ever known, and it was not surprising, therefore, with law and order reigning over the land, and prosperity visible on every hand,

that many intelligent Mexicans should desire to perpetuate such a state of affairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SCHEME TO REVOLUTIONIZE MEXICO.

It may surprise many readers to learn that overtures were made to General Scott by many Mexicans of position, and by many American officers, to permanently occupy Mexico, and organize a new government. The scheme proposed to General Scott was, in substance, this: it was supposed that upon the conclusion of a treaty of peace at least three-fourths of the American army would be discharged, and that a large portion of the officers would resign, and, with many of the men, would enter the new army of Mexico; and enough others could be recruited in the United States to make the American contingent 15,000 strong; and to this might be added a like number of Mexican soldiers. With such an army it was suggested that Mexico could be held and governed in an orderly way, and prosperity might be assured.

The plan contemplated a pronunciamento, in which General Scott should declare himself dictator of the Republic for a term of five years or more, to give time for agitators to acquire pacific habits and to learn to govern themselves, and to respect an orderly government where the rights of property were not only respected but fully protected.

Already in possession of the forts, arsenals, foundries, cities, mines and ports of entry, with nearly all the arms, it was not doubted that a very general acquiescence would follow.

Grant was invited to several conclaves of officers, but from the first emphatically declined to enter into the plot. He did not purpose to change his allegiance, or his service, or his flag, but meant, he said, to return with the Fourth Regiment to the United States.

He had several reasons for this determination. He was essentially a conservative thinker and was endowed with a remarkably high sense of justice; and he

had genuine contempt for any adventure which had any flavor of dishonesty or bad faith about it, and he would not consider for a moment the project of placing an alien government over Mexico while the nation was dominated by superior force.

Had still another consideration been needed to influence his course,—as was not the case, however,—there was one most persuasive consideration,—his prospective bride, awaiting his return at White Haven home, near Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

General Scott declined to enter into the plot, and it was finally abandoned.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT ATTEMPTS THE ASCENT OF POPOCATAPETL AND EXPLORES THE GREAT CAVES OF MEXICO.

While the army was waiting the results of peace negotiations, parties of officers now and then made expeditions into many sections of the country to inspect objects of interest, and Grant was nearly always a member of the company.

In the spring of 1848, a party was thus formed to ascend the famed Mount Popocatapetl, the highest volcano in America.

In this party were a number of young officers who subsequently became famous. Of those who espoused the Confederate cause were Lieutenant Richard Anderson, who commanded a corps at Spotsylvania; Captain George Crittenden, a Confederate General; S. B. Buckner, who surrendered Fort Donelson to Grant in 1862; Captain Sibley, who became a Major-General, and after the war was for a number of years in the service of the Khedive of Egypt; Mansfield Lovell, who commanded at New Orleans before its capture by the Union forces. Among those of the party who remained on the side of the National Government were, first in after-prominence, Grant, who became Lieutenant-General and Commander in Chief of all the Armies of the United States; Captain Andrew Porter and Lieutenants Z. B. Lower and C. P. Stone.

Suitably equipped, and with a small escort, this party of brilliant young officers reached the village of Ozumba, at the base of the mountain, where they procured guides, and hired pack-mules to carry commissary supplies, and forage for their horses,—for they were able to ride on a narrow, precarious and dangerous trail nearly half-way up the mountain. The pasturage on the lower part of the mountain was excellent, and, years before, herders had built a cabin of one room, now unoccupied and gone quite to decay especially the roof. Here the party camped in the evening, during a fierce storm of wind, rain and sleet; the water came through the dilapidated roof in torrents. The morning brought but slight relief, for the rain still came, driven by fierce blasts of wind. The prospect of a successful ascent to the summit was discouraging; but the party had not fought its way into the center of Mexico to be deterred by a war of the elements.

They managed to make hot coffee, and then began the further ascent on foot. They were soon in the realm of frost. The fierce wind drove the snow with such velocity that it was almost impossible to stand up against it. The clouds enveloped the mountain and shut off the grand view of the surrounding country.

After struggling for several hours, the party realized that it would be impossible to reach the summit that day, in so fierce a storm. They retraced their steps over the dangerous trail, to the dismal old cabin, where they again partook of coffee. They then mounted their shivering horses, and by night reached Ozumba, where they remained until morning.

On going up, the day before, one of the pack-mules having two sacks of barley, strapped one on each side, the two being about as large as the little mule, met with an accident. At some places the trail was so narrow it was difficult for a horse or mule to pass between the perpendicular rock rising on one side and a yawning chasm on the other, with a roaring mountain torrent at the bottom.

At one of these critical places the mule, in trying to avoid the precipice, struck one of the sacks against the rock, and he went rolling to the bottom. The descent was very steep, and all supposed the poor animal was dashed to pieces. It was therefore a great surprise to the party, some time after they had gone into bivouac, to see the owner of the lost mule come leading him up the steep trail! The sacks had protected the animal from great injury, and the owner had gone after him and found a way back to the trail.

Next morning most of the party were blind with swollen eyes, and others could see but little, all suffering excruciating pain. Those who could see at all led the horses of those who could not, and thus the dismal cavalcade made its departure from the mountain. Cold bandages brought relief, and, after a night's rest on the lower altitude, they were all restored to their normal condition.

In a few hours' journey they had passed from the fierce snowstorm to the region of the coffee and the orange groves, where they rested for two days.

The storm on the mountain had spent its fury and the majestic Popocatapetl stood out in all its grandeur. A portion of the party determined to return and make the ascent, but the others, including Grant, decided that mountain climbing was not their vocation and were satisfied with their experience. They then started to visit the great caves of Mexico.

The party were outside the bounds prescribed by the terms of the armistice which prevailed during peace negotiations, and they were several times halted by Mexican forces; but Grant was able to make them understand that they were only a party who desired to see some of the great natural curiosities of Mexico before leaving the country, and the Mexican officers courteously allowed them to proceed.

Grant and his companions inspected the great caves, which they found to be miles in extent, and marvelously beautiful in stalactites and stalagmites, in

columns and archways, and awe-inspiring in their wonderful and mysterious echoes.

Several of the party became satisfied with the wonders they had seen long before they reached the point to which the guides were accustomed to take explorers, and started back without guides. There was an immense column standing in a narrow place in the cave, which left but a narrow passage on either side. When they reached this column, they passed entirely around it, and proceeded, as they thought, toward the entrance, but in fact they were retracing their steps into the depths of the cave! When Grant and those with him had finished their explorations, they started out with their guides, but soon saw the torches of an approaching party. They could not imagine who they could be, for all had come in together, leaving neither guide nor other person at the entrance. But soon it was discovered that the strange explorers were none other than their friends who had started out some time before! The latter could scarcely comprehend how they had got where they were. They were sure they had gone directly on toward the mouth of the cave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVIEW OF GRANT'S CAREER IN MEXICO.

On the 2d of February, 1848, the treaty of peace was signed, and in due time it was forwarded to Washington and there ratified by the United States Senate. It is known as the "Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo." It ceded to the United States the whole of the territory then included in New Mexico and Upper California, and made the Rio Grande the boundary line of Texas; the United States paying to Mexico the sum of fifteen million dollars.

Meantime, General Scott became involved in disagreements with several of his chief officers who were hostile to him politically, and he ordered them under arrest for insubordination. They preferred charges against him, and the President ordered a court of inquiry. At the same time he relieved Scott of command, and placed General William (O. Butler, of Kentucky, in command of the

army. The court of inquiry held a few days' session in Mexico, then adjourned to Frederick, Maryland. Here, after a few sessions, the charges against the General were dismissed, and the court dissolved, under the fiery denunciations of the old hero. He insisted that the Administration was hostile to him. He said of the proceedings and machinations against him:—"Thus a series of the greatest wrongs ever heaped upon a successful commander was consummated."

Though the treaty was signed February 2, 1848, so slowly did matters of state then move that it was early in June before the army began to move out of Mexico. A July sun found Grant's brigade on the scorching sands of the Gulf, two miles from Vera Cruz, for a week or more, before the slow process of embarkation was accomplished, the yellow fever raging with great virulence not two miles away.

Thus ended our hero's experience in his first war.

It will be worth the time, at this point in our investigations, to stop a moment and take a measure of young Grant, as we see him standing on his ship's deck, his face turned homeward, happy in the consciousness that no dishonor tarnished his sword, and that duty to his country had been well performed.

With his previous culture, and his extensive and varied experience through this brilliant war, what was the quality of the mental and moral equipment with which this young warrior returned to the States?

In view of that utterly false impression entertained by some of our countrymen, that Grant was ignorant, devoid of culture, and of mediocre ability, let us first of all remember that in his veins ran the blood of a worthy and noble ancestry.

Sturdy integrity, stubborn and unyielding tenacity of purpose for the right, illuminated by a lofty patriotism, marked every generation from the warrior clans of Scotland, and, ever since that Mayday in 1630 when his first American ancestor landed at Dorchester, Massachusetts, down to Ulysses S. Grant himself.

We find him when a boy,—the son of a well-to-do farmer-tradesman in Ohio,—attending school during school terms from an early age; during vacations working on the farm, and managing his father's stock and horses. With him, from early youth, there was no idling of time. It was the knowledge thus gained when a boy,—and his natural genius for it,—which made him, later, not only one of the best horsemen, but the best manager of horses, in the American army.

Then, as he grew older, he attended the best academies in that region of Ohio and in Kentucky, attaining such proficient academic scholarship as enabled him to pass a most creditable examination when he presented himself at West Point military school.

Again, we see him, at the end of his four years of student-life at West Point, graduate in average and respectable grade, and coming into the service equipped with all the military knowledge and learning that any other officer of his age possessed.

We observe him, during all the time between his graduation at West Point and his entrance into the Mexican war, a student, pursuing the study of military science and general literature. Hence, it is certain that Grant entered upon the actual duties of war, when he marched with the army into Mexico, an accomplished soldier, both in knowledge of the art of war and in scholarly attainments.

Following Grant through the Mexican War, we note his vigilance in acquiring information, in the preparation of maps, and in the general acquisition of knowledge useful in the campaign.

If he had been in command of the army, all this would have been expected; but it is doubtful if there was any other officer in the army, outside the general staff, who gave so careful attention to details, and kept in as close touch with the plan and strategy of the campaign.

Then, too, we see that Grant occupied a superior position for observing every movement of the army. He was Quartermaster and Commissary, and

when his duties were performed, he was free to observe and share in all operations of the army. In fact he was actively engaged in every battle from beginning to end of the war, except Buena Vista, which was fought by General Taylor while Grant was with General Scott. We find him frequently riding out with the general staff making observations, and thus gaining a knowledge of positions and of the movements of both armies, which was impossible for any mere line or ordinary field officer to obtain.

Besides all this, it is to be remembered that Grant, on frequent occasions, in the line of his duty as Quartermaster and Commissary in gathering supplies, had his independent commands; and though small in number, he had many spirited engagements with the enemy, and in these he invariably displayed all the courage and tactical skill of an able general in more important battles.

Grant's opportunities to gain knowledge in the art of war were thus greater than most other officers', and we see with what vigor, persistency and industry he availed himself of these opportunities.

Again, if we consider that this education in the field was under those able and consummate masters of the art of war, Generals Scott and Taylor, and in campaigns among the most brilliant in history, have we not a right to claim that when Grant turned his face homeward from the war, at the age of twenty-five, he was a thoroughly equipped soldier, an accomplished officer, ripe in experience and competent to command?

The reader will also bear in mind that under the quiet, unpretentious demeanor of this man, plain in dress and in manner, was the educated and accomplished gentleman.

With this in mind, our surprise and amazement will be less when we come to study Grant as he afterwards burst upon the world's vision as a military star of the first magnitude. Is not the modest, considerate hero of Appomattox prefigured in the story of Grant in Mexico?

(To be continued.)

INLAND PIRATES.

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE FUR TRADE ON THE MISSOURI.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

THE Blackfeet, Sioux and Pawnees were not the only enemies encountered by the boatmen in the early days of the fur traffic along the Missouri.

As in every Indian infested region, there were desperadoes and renegades of the white race occasionally ready to turn their hands against their fellows. And once, at least, within the recollection of Jean Gaspin a band of these carried on a series of successful boat robberies, covering a period of more than two years.

It was before the day of steamers, when small blockhouses and trading stations were scattered along the river, at isolated points, where companies of trappers and Indian traders—the latter mostly French-Canadians—had their headquarters. From these remote posts furs were carried to and supplies brought from the towns on the lower river and the Mississippi. The small flatboat or *bateau*—manned often by less than half a dozen men, because wages were high and profits must be made—dared the peril of these journeys with a hardihood such as pioneer enterprise has exhibited ever since the days of the Jesuits and the Pilgrims.

These boats had always to run the gauntlet of the Sioux and other tribes, and often met with exciting and perilous adventures, and not infrequently with disaster. But the Indians, armed almost entirely, at this period, with the bow and arrow, were cautious and bushwhacking in their attacks, and, though boatmen were shot from the coverts of the bank in every season of open water, the craft might usually be relied upon to reach its destiny and land its freight unharmed.

But when a gang of river pirates assailed one of these small boats, the out-

come was usually the capture of its cargo and the loss of some if not all of its defenders.

It was about the year 1819 or '20 that the notorious Bill Harke, who had been driven out of Missouri (Missouri was admitted in 1820) for lawlessness, and who had lived for some years a vagrant, renegade life among the Sioux, gathered a band of white and half-breed desperadoes and began to prey upon the boats of the traders.

This gang of outlaws numbered, at different times, from a dozen to eighteen or twenty of as villainous cut-throats as were gathered upon our frontier. Their headquarters, if they had one, was never discovered, but that they were harbored by the different tribes of the Sioux scattered along the river seems evident. Armed to the teeth and supplied with Indian canoes, they pounced upon the up or down going boat in the dead of the night, when half the crew were wrapped in their blankets. If resistance were made, the men were shot down mercilessly; if not, the crew were tied hand and foot, the boat relieved of its freight, and its men left to free themselves of their bonds as best they could. These depredations occurred at different points along the whole stretch of the river from the mouth of the Platte to the Yellowstone. In these attacks, the robbers were invariably disguised as Indians, painted and befeathered, and the identity of some of them was never established. Several of them were known, however, and among them the leader Harke, or "Two Fingers," as the Sioux called him—through the reports of Indians friendly at different trading stations.

This gang of river pirates, or most of them, at least, met a terrible and richly

deserved fate at the hands of a few trappers who, through the leadership and strategy of Sim Battis, blew them to "kingdom come," as Yankees have it.

A company of trappers had built for their headquarters, defense and storage of furs, a block-house, with the usual safe barricades, at the mouth of the river Niobrara. This station they occupied when "Two Fingers" and his men infested the river. Twice in each season of open water their bateau descended the river with the annual catch of furs. The craft was manned by five or six of their number who, with the exception of Simon Battis, an experienced young boatman and pilot, took turns in making the trip. Battis, reared on the extreme frontier, the son of a trader, trained to the river from the time he could handle an oar, was one of the safest and most wary boatmen of the Missouri.

He usually made his runs through dangerous territory in the daytime, putting his boat into the cover of a secluded and easily defended nook upon some island selected in advance, where his men spent the night in alternate watch and relief.

He had never lost a bale of fur.

Up to the time of the incident here related, his goings and comings had apparently escaped the outlook of Bill Harke's marauders. It was just after the going out of the ice, and after a winter of successful trapping in the vicinity of the station, that one morning a white man and a number of Indians—Hunk-pa-pa Sioux—came to the block-house with furs, beaver and otter, to exchange for ammunition and blankets.

Battis, with two or three of the men who were going down the river with him, was busy, at the time, overhauling, caulking and putting the bateau in repair. No suspicion would have been aroused against the trading party perhaps, but while the Indians were bantering with the block-house trader, the white man sauntered down to the boat, and hung around the workmen. He talked carelessly, giving information freely of himself and his companions, the Hunk-pa-pas;

said he had put in the winter at their village on the Bad river, that he had made a good catch of beaver and otter, and had more buffalo pelts at the Hunk-pa-pa town than the Indians had ponies to pack in.

He then asked when the boat would start down the river, whether the "shift" would be mostly beaver, how many men would be at the oars—said he would like to go along if he did not have to go back to Bad river to gather ponies to bring in his buffalo pelts, which the squaws were now tanning—said he would bring down in June the biggest and finest lot of "Injun tans," ever carried by that boat. Battis listened shrewdly to this talk, and when the man finally returned to the station and rode off up the river with the Indians, told his fellows that the pretended trapper was one of Harke's men.

He was so sure of the fact that a council was held among the men—there were a dozen or more—at the station, and he succeeded in convincing his comrades that his suspicions were correct. He then proposed a bold scheme, which he would undertake with the help of four of his fellows, to carry out.

This, too, was agreed to.

There was an old flatboat lying in at the station—a scow concern—which had been used by the trappers, in seasons of high water, on the Niobrara. This boat was about the size of the bateau.

Battis and his men set to work, caulked and repaired it, and rigged it with the sail of the bateau—a single sheet of canvas used when the wind was favorable. Then, in the night, they ran the scow into the shelter of some willows, placed a barrel of gunpowder in the center, covered and packed this with coarse gravel and rocks, then completed the freight with bales of bark, covered with packs of buffalo pelts. When they had finished the boat's load presented the usual appearance, bales of fur, packs of blankets and provision for the journey, arranged so as to give sweep to the oar handles and bare room for the boatmen to move along the sides. Two pieces of fuse,

remnants of some which had been used occasionally in splitting trees, were inserted in the barrel with ends projecting between the packs which covered and concealed the explosive and its packing of rock.

In the meantime, as it was believed that spies were on the watch, the bateau was loaded in the regular way, and again in the night, the positions of the two boats were exchanged and the flatboat moored in front of the station. At noon the next day, with Battis and four men aboard, and its three-cornered sail set, the flatboat, trailing a light "skiff" at the stern, set out on its dangerous errand.

The water was high, the current swift, and as the wind was fairly favorable, the boat made good progress, despite its clumsy build. It was loaded nearly to the water's edge, and from the shore, piled as it was with the light and spurious bales, no eye could have detected the build of the craft.

By sundown the boat was many miles below the block-house, and now its crew, with Battis at the steering oar, keenly watched the wooded shores and the sweep of the river in front.

Battis believed the attack would come that night while passing the dense belt of timber which stretched for fifty miles or more along the south side of the river. Purposely, he ran the boat as close in along that bank as the waters of the current would permit. The men ate a supper of "dough-boys"—hard dry biscuits—and dried venison. The night wore on with all hands at the oars and eyes strained with watching. The mouth of the Jim river was passed, morning close at hand, the Big Sioux river and the Omaha towns not many miles in advance, and no sign of the pirates. The men at the oars, weary and sleepy, wanted to run the flatboat ashore, take a rest and go back. They expressed the belief that Harke and his men were a thousand miles away, not nearer than the Yellowstone at least, and finally, in disgust at the fruitless journey, shipped their oars and threw themselves upon their blankets spread upon the bales.

Battis, alone, stubbornly remained at his post. He held the sail rope in one hand and the steering oar in the other. The wind had gone down and the boat floated idly, drifting along the shore, almost within the shadows of the great elms and cottonwoods which threw into deep gloom every curve and point of the bank.

Keenly on the watch, while his comrades snored, Battis, at length, in approaching a point of timber, became aware of several dark objects lying out from shore upon the current, and dimly outlined against the dense shore line. Watching them in sharp excitement and suspicion, these objects took shape and motion as he drew near.

Beyond doubt they were canoes, a half dozen or more, with men in them. They were less than a hundred yards distant when Battis, as had been pre-arranged, yelled "Indians! Indians!"

His men jumped out of their blankets, electrified.

"The pirates close at hand! Get into the boat quick!" hissed the young leader sharply.

Then while the men scrambled to the rear, sprang into the skiff with their weapons and cut loose from the flatboat, amid an uproar of shots and yells from the coming canoes, Battis knelt, hidden at the bottom of the flatboat. He uncovered the ends of the fuse, scratched a match and lighted both under the cover of his cap. Then quickly recovering the fizzing ends by muffling them with a pack of worn-out blankets, wetted hours before, he hastily crawled to the stern, keeping close down behind the piled-up bales, dropped into the water and swam up stream for dear life. The four men in the skiff, one of them with a bullet—a chance shot in the darkness—through his wrist, brought their boat to a stand dangerously near to the scene of action and watched eagerly for Battis. They saw the canoes—five of them—each containing three or four men, approach and swarm around the flatboat. Finding their prey abandoned, the robbers

ceased firing, and most of them scrambled hastily aboard the larger craft, fastening their canoes alongside.

The men in the skiff watched the receding group breathlessly. Both pieces of fuse had been cut to burn about two minutes. The waiting seemed an age, though the flatboat and its miscreant crew were not a hundred and fifty yards distant, when the powder barrel blew up. Then a great sheet of flame burst up, and in the glare of it men and missiles were seen thrown up and outward. There was a heavy boom like the distant explosion of thunder—a splashing of water, sparks and tongues of fire from a burning and dismantled wreck, in the light of which several overturned canoes were seen, and in two or three of the nearest of them men climbing upon their upturned bottoms. Curses and yells were heard from wretches struggling in the water.

Battis had been little more than able to hold his own against the current. Luckily he had escaped from the falling stones and missiles, and now shouted to his men

to row down and get him. He was soon picked up.

Fearing an ambush on shore, the survivors of the wreck were left to save themselves as they could, and the plucky Battis and his crew pulled up the river two or three miles and landed on the opposite shore. They made a forced march out upon the prairie, hid in a ravine and slept the day out. They returned to the block-house by a circuitous route, hiding in day time and pushing on at night.

The trappers were satisfied that effective work had been done in punishing the "fur pirates," as they were called, and, in fact, no further attacks from this particular gang were ever heard of afterward.

A friendly Indian told at one of the upper trading stations, that summer, that chief "Two Fingers" and eight of his men had been killed and drowned in the blowing up of the boat, and the band had broken up and scattered. The affair spread among the Indians along the river and the white men's "heap shooting boat" made them wary and cautious of approaching a flatboat or bateau for a long time.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

WELCOME art thou, first harbinger of spring.
Dearer thy sturdy, storm-defying note,
Thy painted doublet and thy somber coat,
Than plumage gay and melodies that ring
From snowy orchards when their blossoms fling
Their May-born odors to the winds that float
Vibrant with joy from many a tuneful throat
And buffeted by many a gaudy wing.

Ere lingering winter strikes his rearward tents,
And, sullen, seeks his fastness in the north,
From sunny climes boldly thou comest forth
To beard him 'neath his very battlements;
While from thy throat such songs of triumph flow
As 'twere thy soul knew never storm nor snow.

Charles Fremont Gale.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

"A MOST REMARKABLE CASE."

BY CLARE ST. CLAIRE.

I.

HAGGLESTON was excited. It was just half-past seven o'clock on Sunday morning, when the dreadful discovery was made; and not more than ten minutes later, when all Haggleston in excited knots and groups was talking over the tragedy.

Girard Meistergeld had been murdered in his bed while he slept. The fact had been discovered by the old man's niece, the only other occupant of the great house. This ghastly discovery had been in some degree prepared for her, by the various stages of surprise, anxiety and alarm which had followed one another in her mind that morning.

On coming down at the usual time, she found the kitchen range fireless and the outer door still barred. But she had lighted the fire and begun preparations for the frugal breakfast, every moment expecting to see the hardened, sun-brown visage of Uncle Girard emerge from the little kitchen bedroom. She had even ventured to clatter the stove lid a little, as the moments crept on and no sound came from within. "He must have had a poor night" she mused, setting the coffee pot upon the back of the stove, and regarding the nicely cooked bacon and eggs regretfully. "If he doesn't wake up soon, the breakfast will be ruined, and then he'll be cross the whole day. Oh, dear!" and she gave a little sigh and walked to the window to look out upon the village just below. A quarter of an hour passed and she grew impatient and a trifle anxious. "I believe I'll just knock once, anyway, and perhaps he won't know 'twas I who woke him," she said to herself, tip-toeing softly across the bare, polished floor. She let her

knuckles fall with a little rat-tat upon the closed door, and then quickly skipped across the room to the window, as if fearful of being confronted in such a bold act. But all was silent; and after a little she ventured again, this time more boldly than before. She retreated only a few steps now, and quickly returned to repeat the knocking, gathering courage as she found she received no response. Her increasing anxiety now developed into alarm. She listened with a growing fear. The little bedroom was silent as a tomb.

A great black cloud suddenly obscured the sun, causing the shadows to chase each other throughout the kitchen, and a gloom to settle down upon poor little Félice. Unable to endure the silence longer, she placed a trembling hand upon the door knob. "Uncle," she called faintly; "Uncle Girard!" but no response. Summoning all her courage, she turned the knob and softly pushed the door open, and then,—with a cry, she turned and fled from the house.

It was not many minutes ere the house was filled with gaping spectators, who were loth to move backward to make way for the village physician.

An ugly imprint of strong fingers upon the wrinkled throat was all there was to tell the story; but it was enough. That he had been murdered, was certain; and now there only remained for them to discover the murderer. This is what Haggleston set itself at work to do. It was a duty it owed itself. It might not be altogether pleasant. This it admitted with a solemn shake of the head as it regarded two people most likely to be interested in the death of the old miser. These were Félice and her lover, Allyn Hopeworth,

Every one knew the old man had objected to their marriage. They had been waiting these three years to win his consent and on one or two occasions the young man had been heard to make some not very complimentary remarks concerning Félice's relative.

As for Félice,—well, of course, she could not but be glad that the obstacle was removed. She had had it hard enough all her life, slaving for an old miser who allowed her scarcely enough clothing to be respectable. It was true, Haggleston was obliged to admit, that she had always appeared quiet and respectfully obedient, and had never been known to protest against the treatment she had received at his hands. But then, "still water runs deep," and so, while deeply regretful as was but natural where the suspected one was young, delicate and beautiful, Haggleston *did* its duty, and both Félice and her lover were arrested and placed in jail to await trial for the murder of Girard Meistergeld. At the preliminary hearing, Félice was released,—but not so her lover.

We will not enter into a detailed account of the long train of circumstances which were arrayed against Allyn Hopeworth at the trial. That they were many is true; that they were weighty enough to convict, was in the opinion of certain fair-minded individuals, *not* true. However, these same individuals did not happen to be on the jury. The prosecuting attorney had made his reputation upon a case equally as obscure; and so, having obtained the confidence of the state, he was in duty bound to retain it even though he must literally build his case from a few slight and inadequate incidents. He was bound to convict somebody. Haggleston was bound to help him. And though his strongest argument against Allyn Hopeworth was the latter's admission that he had been a visitor at the house on the evening previous to the murder, and that he had often expressed his disapproval of old Girard, these were treated in so skillful a way by the prosecuting attorney as to produce the de-

sired effect upon the men in whose hands the prisoner's fate rested.

Allyn had heard the verdict, "guilty," with a white, though calm face; but a long, piercing cry had gone up from among the listeners, and a slender lifeless form had been carried out and through the village to the great house on the hill.

The prisoner was taken back to the jail. When Félice finally returned to consciousness, it was only to droop and waste away as if all motive power had been removed and the frail machine was but revolving with the feeble slackening motion after the impetus was gone.

Long she lay hopeless and with no wish but to precede her lover into the "beyond," where, in her simple faith, she would be permitted to await and greet him.

It was Allyn Hopeworth's mother who watched by her bedside and sought to lure her back to life. She was aided (?) by a half-dozen of the villagers, whose curiosity would not permit them to remain away. They roamed about the great house, which, in its day, had been filled with costly furnishings, and opened to invited guests. But that was before old Girard's wife and only son had met a sudden and untimely death,—before he had become soured toward the world, and had turned within himself, hoarding every cent of a handsome income, scarcely providing enough for himself and Félice to eat. They examined the rich, old-fashioned furniture and peered into bureau drawers with ever-increasing interest in probable treasures stowed away long ago. They spent much time in speculation as to the fortunate possessor of all these things should Félice die. And all this time Félice lay unmindful of their presence and seemingly passing beyond all interest in earthly things.

At length, one afternoon, she failed to show by even the faintest sign that she was conscious. A hurried, frightened scrutiny convinced the watchers that she was dead.

The news soon spread throughout the village, and Allyn Hopeworth, in his

prison cell, knew it before he slept. He crossed his arms upon his breast and, with drooping head, sat down upon the cot. There was no rest for him that night.

"My poor little dove," he said tenderly and with quivering voice. "My poor little Félice! You have died of a broken heart, and all for me. But it matters little; I shall soon join you, and then may the good God grant us the happiness we have been denied here!" and he raised his eyes reverently toward heaven.

It was before the embalmer's art had reached Hagleston, and no stranger's business-like touch was permitted to desecrate the bodies of our dead. Loving hands prepared the delicate form of poor Félice for its last sleep, and kind neighbors offered to remain to protect it from that awful isolation which now attends the material garb of a spirit departed from our midst.

The night passed very slowly and wearily to those who kept their vigil beside Félice. At length the morning dawned. One of the good friends had gone for the last time to arrange the shroud-like covering over the *spirituelle* face before going home. Suddenly she emerged from the bedroom looking strangely white and agitated.

"Upon my soul, Mis' Tompkins!" she exclaimed to her companion, "I've watched with many a corpse, but I never did see one afore as looked so queer as this one. Seems like she's gittin' her color back."

"Mis'" Tompkins was startled, but with superior wisdom said: "Mortification, Mis' Griggs! that's what 'tis, sure enough! I've seen it afore now, 'n' its *my* opinion that that funeral ought to never been put as late as to-morrow. She'll be a sight by that time, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm afraid of it, too. Just come 'n' see," said Mrs. Griggs. Leading the way back to the bedroom, she was in the act of uncovering the face of Félice, when distinctly from under the covering came a faint sigh.

Both women retreated precipitately to the door, where they stood looking into

each other's faces in affright. "Oh, Lordy, did you hear that?" said Mrs. Griggs, being the first to find her voice.

"Hear it? Well I should think so," replied Mrs. Tompkins, too much scared to continue her rôle of superiority. "Mebbe its her spirit floatin' 'round in th' top o' the room. I hev heard o' such things, 'specially when the person had done somethin' they had ought t' confessed 'fore they died," she added significantly.

Her companion regarded her attentively. "Yo' don't mean t' say as how it might o' ben *her* as done it?" she asked in a harsh whisper.

"I don't mean t' say nothin' about it. 'Taint fur me to jedge; only I do say that if 't is her spirit a sighin' around 'n' actin' loth t' go, it's a pretty sure sign as how there was *somethin'* that ought t' a' been told afore she went," replied Mrs. Tompkins, now quite restored to her normal lofty condition of superiority.

"It's too late now," said Mrs. Griggs. "It's a pity, too, for there's Allyn Hopeworth's got to die, 'n' no one c'n do 'r say a single thing t' save him."

A low moan caused the two women to make a hurried exit into the outer room. Mrs. Griggs sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "May the saints preserve us!" she said, rocking herself back and forth. "Beats anything I ever come across! I say, Mis' Tompkins, how long d' ye s'pose it'll stay,—the spirit, I mean? It's time I was to home this minute, anyway. Obediah'll have th' fire made 'n' ll want his breakfast." This she added rising and making her way gradually toward the kitchen, keeping an eye on the door of the bedroom meanwhile.

But her companion, however superior, had no notion of being left alone. "Nonsense, you can't go yet," she exclaimed. "It'd sound nice t' git out as how you'd ben scared away from a corpse that you was a watchin'. You as has boasted of settin' up with so many! Why, you'd be th' laughin' stock of th' whole village fur all time t' come."

Mrs. Griggs had been touched at her weakest point, and was therefore indignant. "The idea!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "I scared? Well, I *guess not*. Only I didn't agree t' keep company with spirits."

"Well, y' might 's well git used t' 'em. You'll very likely be one yourself some day," remarked Mrs. Tompkins comfortingly.

"Well, when I *am*, I'll stay where I belong, 'n' not come a playin' jokes on *my* watchers. You c'n jest depend upon that," retorted Mrs. Griggs.

Another moan now proceeded from the bedroom. Both women were silent for a minute. Finally Mrs. Tompkins laid hold of her companion's arm. "I think you ought t' go 'n' see," she said.

"See what?" demanded Mrs. Griggs. "Yo' don't s'pose there's anything t' *see*, do you?" she asked sharply.

"No, only you said as how she was lookin' queer, 'n' I thought mebby—"

"Oh, yes, that's so," said Mrs. Griggs dryly. "You think her mortification's worse. Well, *you'd* better go 'n' see. You understand it better'n *I*."

"It aint that, I'm sure, now," said Mrs. Tompkins. "But I have my own idee, 'n' if you're afraid, just stay where you be 'n' I'll go. I aint afraid, anyhow."

Saying this she made a bold move toward the bedroom, followed by Mrs. Griggs, whose fear was being overcome by her indignation at her companion's insinuations. As they approached the bed with trembling limbs and thumping hearts, a sudden spasmodic movement of the body threw aside the sheet which covered the features and revealed a pair of widely opened blue eyes looking out from a pale, emaciated face.

The fright experienced by the two women at this suddenly reanimated corpse was intense. They fled from the room and thence from the house.

The blue eyes regarded them curiously as they disappeared, then a faint smile hovered around the drawn mouth. "It's no wonder," she murmured faintly. "I've been dead, and they are the 'watchers.'

My coming to life was not expected. In fact, it *is* a very irregular thing for a corpse to do. I'm aware of this myself and must therefore account for my conduct, else I shall have no one who will listen to what I have to say."

Félice, apparently quite alive, had now risen to a sitting posture and was looking about as if in search of something. There was the light of an intense purpose gleaming in her large eyes, and a flush had returned to the pallid face. "I must get out of this bed and into a more worldly dress," she said, throwing aside the sheet. "I wonder if there is anyone left in the house."

Then, despite her weeks of illness and her debilitated condition, she crept out of bed and stood upon her feet. But she did not falter as she essayed to take up her life where she had left it on that dreadful day. There was a new strength inborn; a strength she had never before known. There was a mission for her to perform which should know no failure. She took from out the closet an old gown.

She paused a moment to regard herself in the mirror. She smiled when she noticed the plain manner in which her hair had been arranged—so different from the way which she had worn it. "I suppose they thought t'was good enough for a corpse," she said grimly. "But I will attend to it myself for a while yet." Gathering up the tresses she gave them an artistic coil at the crown of her shapely little head. Passing out through the sitting room she entered the kitchen. She noted, with interest, the remains of the supper which had been prepared for her "watchers." There was a fire still in the stove and the teapot was still hot.

"I wonder if Mrs. Hopeworth remained after—I died," she mused. "How surprised she will be at what I have to tell her!"

Félice now set about the preparation of breakfast. She knew she must eat something, though at the present time it seemed as if she would be indefinitely sustained without food, so great was the energy burning within her. Presently

she heard voices, and, turning, saw several pairs of eyes directed upon her through the window. She smiled and unlocked the door, but when she opened it there was no one near. Everybody had fled.

"They are afraid of me; they think me a ghost, I suppose," she said. "But I must convince them of their mistake or I shall find no one to help me."

Recognizing a figure cautiously advancing from around the corner of the house, as one of those who had left her so unceremoniously a few moments before, she smiled and beckoned her to approach.

"Don't be afraid, Mrs. Griggs, I could not harm you, now, any more than before. I am quite as much alive as ever I was."

Somewhat reassured, though still a trifle skeptical, Mrs. Griggs now approached. "Well, for th' land's sake, child! This does beat all I ever heard tell of; though I read of a case once, but didn't believe a word of it. Who'd 'a' thought t'was only a trance? Lucky for you we didn't bury you."

Félice smiled. "Yes, very lucky, indeed."

"Does Mis' Hopeworth know?"

"I haven't seen her. Did she stay here last night?"

"Yes, but it was late when she went to bed, and she was about tuckered out. I'll go 'n' tell her now."

Anxious to be the bearer of so startling a bit of information, Mrs. Griggs was already on her way upstairs.

Félice resumed her preparations for breakfast. She thought of the last morning she had done this,—the morning she had found her uncle dead in bed. She shuddered at the recollection, but her thoughts made a leap over that dark chasm of horror, and settled upon the perpetrator of the dreadful deed,—the one of whose guilt she had learned while on her visit in the unknown. She realized how strange her experience would sound to others. How improbable, and fanciful, and utterly unreliable! She was almost overwhelmed by the anticipation of the censure and disapproval that would

await her on her efforts to be heard. Retiring and modest as she was, she would now have shrunk from the publicity her story would give her, were it not that so much was at stake,—the life of an innocent man, and that man her lover.

Allyn Hopeworth's mother clasped Félice in her arms in a loving embrace. "My dear child, you have been spared to me," she said. "What mighty miracle is this which has brought you back to life and strength? What is this power that has restored you to yourself after your weeks of suffering?"

"It is the power of God, mother," replied Félice solemnly, "and it is for a wise purpose, which you shall know. But first, I must see Lawyer Blinkhard and Allyn,—I must bid him hope."

"Bid him hope, Félice? Why surely you wouldn't disturb my poor boy with any vain illusions?" said Mrs. Hopeworth, vaguely uneasy lest Félice's mind was affected.

"Not with vain illusions, mother. Of that rest assured; but I would bid him hope because of the message I was sent back to earth to bring."

Mrs. Hopeworth regarded the young girl with a pitying tenderness. "Poor child! her mind is turned. It is no wonder," she muttered to herself.

Félice smiled sadly. "I was afraid of it, mother. I knew you would all think me mentally unsound. But, please, do not lend your voice to that of the world to oppose me in my efforts to bring the murderer to justice. Listen to my story, and then wait till I prove to you that I am not laboring under a hallucination."

The earnestness of her manner impressed the older woman. She was silent. After a moment, she gently asked: "What is your plan, my child?"

"To go at once to Allyn's lawyer and tell him all, and then to see Allyn himself."

Mrs. Hopeworth sighed. "God grant there may be some way! but it is all so mysterious. There is not much time, Félice, only a week."

"Yes mother, dear, I know, but take

heart, do, and in less than a week, your son shall return to us free and acquitted by man, as he now is by God."

After a hasty breakfast, Félice accompanied by Mrs. Hopeworth, set out for a visit to Allyn's lawyer.

Fortunately for them, the hour was still early and not many people were astir. As it was, however, their progress was many times hindered by the few who had already heard,—if not of her resurrection, certainly of Félice's death the day before, and were, therefore, filled with amazement to see her walking in the flesh, in their very midst.

But Félice pressed forward as rapidly as possible and was after a time in the presence of the lawyer, who was no less agitated at the sight of her than others had been.

Both he and Mrs. Hopeworth listened spell-bound while she related the experience which had come to her in so supernatural a manner.

II.

She began at the time of her supposed death, the day before.

"Yes, I believe I really died. At least I left my body. I remember how strangely I could hear and see everything after I had really separated myself from what I had been used to regard myself. I saw Allyn's mother bending over me, or what she considered 'me,' and noticed her alarm when I did not respond to her efforts to rouse me. I knew they considered me dead, and smiled within myself at their mistake; for surely, thought I, I am now truly alive for the first time. I did not linger long within the walls which had sheltered me for so many years. I was desirous of getting away to the place beyond, of which I had often thought, and about which the ministers are always preaching. So I began to float upward and away. It was very easy to do this and I did not pause, till I was recalled to earth by hearing my name mentioned. I stopped in my flight and, looking downward, saw that I was directly over the prison cell wherein sat Allyn. I knew then,

that he had heard of my death and was mourning for me. Then came my first feeling of regret. It seemed that I had been very selfish to go away and leave him when he needed comforting. So I descended into the prison and endeavored to say some word which should cheer him. I must have succeeded for he very soon became calm, and I left him. In my journey thence, I saw much that astonished me. The earth seemed so beautiful, just putting on its robe of green, and there seemed so much to make everybody happy; but, strangely enough, no one seemed to be so. Everywhere, I could see people rushing about frantically as if in search of something which really lay directly within their reach, had they not been too blind to see it. I was for a time very much engrossed with this new view of the world so that I tarried to catch a glimpse here and there; but everywhere it was the same. Everywhere was the restless struggle, and ever with the same unsatisfying results. A panorama showing conditions which had been growing for hundreds of years had been suddenly opened up before me; but I soon became weary of the contemplation, and longed for something more peaceful. I wanted to know something of the beyond. I turned my course once more upward and was soon nearing the abode of spirits, whether good or bad I did not know. Forms were flitting in the distance. Just as I was about to enter the place which seemed much like our own earth, only more beautiful, I was met by my Uncle Girard. It was strange, but I had not once thought of him before. I had no difficulty in recognizing him, though he was much changed. He seemed glad to see me and reached out his hand and drew me to one side, for there were many about us.

"It is well you have come, Félice, for I have wished to see you; but you must go back. You cannot remain here," he said.

"I felt disappointed for a moment, and he seemed to understand, for he said: 'You must go back to Allyn. He needs you. You shall save him.'



"CLARE ST. CLAIRE" (MRS. H. A. WALES, OF CHICAGO).

"At mention of that name, I became interested, and he continued: 'Allyn is guiltless and you must reveal the real murderer. Come.'

"Saying this he took my hand and led the way. Together we descended to earth and entered a large city. In one of the tall brick houses we stood beside the bed of a young man. I was shocked. I had seen him before. *It was Jarrett Brinsmore.* As we looked upon him he seemed to feel our presence, for he tossed in his sleep and muttered words

which would have convicted him before a jury. Seeming satisfied my uncle again led the way out, and together we floated back toward this place. After a time he paused and said: 'We must separate here, Félice. Remain and do your duty. Use the riches I have hoarded and try to do good and be happy. That is what *I* ought to have done.' And then he left me and I, feeling the urgency of his command, and in my great love for Allyn, I again took up the burden of my body."

Lawyer Blinkhard remained silent as

Félice finished her strange narrative. He was trying to find some explanation of what she had told him without wounding her or permitting her to guess what was in his mind regarding her.

"It is all too unnatural to be of any use to us. Too visionary. There is not a single fact to grasp at. It is a dream, Félice. Surely you do not place confidence in its efficacy to help your lover," he said at last.

"Oh, do not say that," implored Félice earnestly. "Come with me and let me prove to you that what I have told you is true. I will take you to the real murderer. Come, let us go at once."

The lawyer regarded her keenly. Yes, she was really going mad, poor thing! He would soothe her if possible.

"But the city, Félice. You do not know its name, and you could not find the house, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, indeed, the city was New York, and the street I can see plainly. Come, I will take you." Her earnestness was half-convincing.

"Well, it's the strangest piece of business I ever came across if it *is* true," said the lawyer. "But it seems a ticklish thing to go and arrest a man for a murderer without the slightest shadow of a circumstance to prove that you've any right to your suspicion."

"Oh, but you have only to ask him one question. Uncle told me what it was, and you will know by his manner whether or not he is guilty. You have only to say, *"Where are the Meistergeld jewels?"*

The lawyer looked puzzled. "What has that to do with the case? I had not understood there was any robbery connected with the affair. In fact, it was said there was nothing stolen."

"That is true," said Félice, apparently mystified. "Nothing was missed; but that is not strange, as no one but Uncle ever knew what was in his private drawer. That is the question Uncle told me to ask, and I remember that the man in his sleep muttered something about jewels. I do not understand it myself; but, Oh

sir! do not waste time by your doubting. Believe what I have told you and trust in God to lead you aright."

While mentally anathematizing himself as a fool, and fully believing Félice demented, out of pity for her, the lawyer yielded to her pleadings and promised to investigate.

Enjoining strict silence upon her, he arranged to go with her that day to New York, secretly hoping his departure would be unnoticed by any one in town. He had a great dread of the affair getting out, and himself being made the butt of ridicule.

He wished at the moment that he could have hardened his heart sufficiently to laugh her out of her fancies and send her home. But it was of no use. Her beautiful, pleading eyes and her evident confidence in his ability to work some sort of a miracle which should save her lover, were too much for his tender nature, and so he had given her his promise.

After she left him and until he met her again at the station, he continually bestowed upon himself all sorts of uncomplimentary epithets. He was glad when the train arrived and they were off. The sooner this "fool's errand" was over the better.

As for Félice, she was quite as impatient as her companion, though for a different reason. She had visited her lover, and succeeded in inspiring him with hope and courage. She, herself, was certain as to the result of the trip.

Unerringly she led the way out of the large station when they reached their destination. She surprised the lawyer by the knowledge she displayed of the city, which he was sure she had never visited. As she unhesitatingly turned up one street and down another, getting over the ground with a speed which made it almost impossible for him to keep beside her, his wonder grew. He marveled at her endurance. He, himself, was becoming a trifle fatigued and suggested that they take a cab or one of the street cars.

But Félice did not stop. "I can find it better so," she said. "We are almost there."

"Reminds me of the game of fox and geese I used to play in the snow when a boy," he thought as he followed on.

At last, Félice paused before a block of tall houses, not unlike many they had passed.

Ringing the door bell, she inquired of the maid if a gentleman by the name of Brinsmore lived there.

Lawyer Blinkhard was honestly sorry for her disappointment, as he listened for the word that should destroy the girl's confidence in the power of her dream.

Imagine then his surprise to hear the question answered in the affirmative.

Learning that the gentleman was out, Félice calmly walked into the hall, saying they would await his return. Not knowing what else to do, the lawyer followed. Here was a pretty piece of business. He was beginning to feel embarrassed. Contrary to his expectations, having found the man they sought, he was plunged into a dilemma. What was he to do? He had not the remotest idea that this man was the murderer of Girard Meistergeld. He had no reason for thinking so, beyond the ravings of a poor, sorrow-stricken, unfortunate young woman. She had in some way heard his name and associated it with the crime. It was but one of the many strange ideas she would be likely to entertain. As they sat in the parlor, he sought to persuade her to come away, saying they could return later; but Félice was firm, imploring him to be patient and wait. While they sat thus, he vainly trying to find some argument which should have weight with her, the outer door was heard to close, and a step sounded in the hall. Félice's eyes were scintillating now and the color in her cheeks burned brightly, while her breath came in quick gasps. But the person had evidently gone upstairs, and in deep disappointment she sank back in the large chair from which she had half risen.

In a few moments, however, the steps were heard descending and the door of the parlor opened. A tall, slenderly formed man, stood before them. His

eyes had a fashion of glancing about quickly from one object to another, never resting long upon one thing. They were now traveling back and forth between the lawyer and Félice, while his manner appeared nervous and ill at ease.

Lawyer Blinkhard attempted to make some remark, cleared his throat and looked at Félice, utterly at a loss how to proceed. As for the girl, she had risen and was regarding the man with strange, excited manner. She had evidently recognized him.

She leaned forward. "You are Jarrett Brinsmore," she said in a clear voice, "then, tell me, where are the Meistergeld jewels?"

The effect upon the man was strange. He half turned toward the door as if contemplating escape; then, covering his face with his hands, he sank down upon a low chair.

"It has come at last," he groaned. "I have heard that question every night since,—but why do you ask?" he demanded suddenly. "Who are you, that you should ask this question of me?"

"You pretend not to know me," answered Félice, "and it is possible that you do not. I am Félice, and I am sent by your uncle, whom you murdered, to ask this question of you. Where are the jewels?"

The man's head was again buried in his hands, and his whole attitude indicated deep despair.

"I will tell you," he said faintly. "I will tell you everything. O, if only it might free me from this remorse which is killing me! I will go with you anywhere and whenever you wish. Shall it be now?" He lifted a face full of submission and sorrow to look into Lawyer Blinkhard's eyes. Inwardly astonished, yet outwardly calm, the latter rose. "Come at once," he said.

At a late hour that night, Jarrett Brinsmore was locked in a cell next to the one which had for so long held Allyn Hopeworth a prisoner; but the next morning there was found only his lifeless body. He had written a confession of his crime,

telling how, as a dissipated spendthrift, he had, from time to time made demands upon his uncle's purse, always to be refused.

Years ago, the old man had forbidden his presence in his home. Knowing of his wealth and being sorely pressed for money, he had sought in the dark hours of the night to obtain by stealth that which he could get in no other way.

He had not meant to kill his uncle, but, discovered by him, had done so in his sudden anger and fear of exposure. He had then fled, carrying a box of money and jewels.

He had suffered ever since and now gladly ended his life to rid himself of an accusing conscience, and to escape the ignominious death which he knew awaited him.

But little more remains to be told. Of course, Allyn Hopeworth walked forth a free man and was soon after wedded to the faithful girl who had saved his life.

Félice preferred to keep her wonderful experience secret. It had served its purpose and was to her sacred.

Haggleston was deeply regretful for the unmerited punishment Allyn Hopeworth had suffered, and now sought to atone to him by setting him up for hero-worship. Of course, Haggleston had never really believed him guilty; but,—there was no one else, and so it could not have been helped.

The prosecuting attorney labored under a vague impression that his services rendered the public were not so valuable as he had induced them to believe, which fact led him, for a time, to a religious attention to his private affairs.

Lawyer Blinkhard modestly accepted the praises bestowed upon him, without disclosing the clue he had followed to the discovery of the real criminal and, when pressed for facts, declined to say more than that it was indeed "*a most remarkable case.*"



VITA IN MORTE.

WE JOURNEYED on together, Life and I,
Companions sweet upon a weary way,
For Life had laughing lips that could not sigh,
Her hair shone golden in the sunlight's ray.

But, one sad hour, I missed my comrade dear,
And, weeping softly, turned to walk alone,
When soft the sound of rustling robes drew near,
And footsteps swift and light, close on my own.

I turned to look—and then shrank back aghast;
A gloomy, dark-robed stranger by me stood,
Whose hand upon my shoulder held me fast;
The face was hidden in her mantle's hood.

But while I looked, a lock of golden hair
Crept out beneath the dark fold's mystery;
Ah, then I knew—'twas my old comrade there,
With eyes grown holy, smiling down at me.

Florence L. Clay.

LIEUTENANT BURTON'S WOOG.

A TALE OF LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.*

BY CAPTAIN HENRY ROMEYN.

I.

THE sun had passed the meridian of the longest day of the year when the quiet of the little garrison was broken by the clatter of hoofs, as a horseman, haggard with long and rapid riding, drew rein at the door of the quarters of the commanding officer. A glance at the animal would have confirmed the opinion formed from the appearance of the rider. Hollow and heaving flanks, and drooping head, with foam-flecked chest, and mud-bespattered legs, attested the strain under which the raven-hued broncho had carried his master nearly a hundred miles in ten and a half hours; a fearful ride, had it been made on a steed trained and fitted for the trial and ridden by a seasoned jockey, over a good road, but almost beyond belief when made over a rough, sage-brush country, and at a season when the melting snows of the Sierras made every low spot a quagmire. But "life and death were on his speed." Discontented Utes, belonging near Denver, had stolen some stock from the settlers east of the main range, and, taking it across to the upper valley of the Rio Grande, and camp of the Tabequaches, had not only refused to surrender it at the demands of the owners, who had followed upon their trail, but had fired upon a messenger sent by Chief Ouray for it, and, later, upon him, when he in person demanded its restoration. In addition, they were intriguing with the younger members of his band to induce them to take the warpath, in revenge for the death of their chief, who had died suddenly after gorging himself at a dinner given him by a party anxious to propitiate him and his followers.

As ever, the voice of Ouray was for

peace. But, despite his authority and influence, the war party gained adherents hourly; and, waiting till night shrouded his movements, he then rode into the little settlement of Zapata, consisting of not over a dozen families, and stating the case, urged that a messenger be sent for troops. The horses of the settlers were roaming at large, but parties were soon hunting for them, though it was not till 3 o'clock, near the dawn of the long summer day, when the messenger took his departure. His nearest route lay directly through the Indian camp, where he rode carefully, avoiding as far as possible, proximity to the "tepees" where the monotonous beat of the tomtom betokened the dance in full vigor. But, past its dangers, he gave the steed the rein, and mile after mile the seemingly tireless animal kept up his long, swinging gallop, apparently aware of the urgency of his errand. By the time the rays of the rising sun silvered the sharp peaks of the Great Snowies, he had put behind him nearly thirty miles of his journey. Halting at the first stream he crossed only long enough to wet his swart muzzle in its ice-cold waters, he splashed over its pebbly bed, and resumed his race. At some points where the flooded streams had found low places in the spongy soil, he floundered through ooze and quicksand to his girths, and his rider was forced to dismount, and man and beast only crossed the quagmires by most vigorous efforts. Yet the wonderful animal not only lived through the exertions of that day, but, as we shall see, added more laurels to those so hardly won.

The post was destitute of cavalry, and but one of the two companies of infantry would be spared by the over-cautious

*Awarded the Prize in THE MIDLAND'S January 1st Original Story Competition.

commanding officer to go to the relief of the alarmed settlers. Its commander was out of the post. A courier, hastily sent in search of him, found him at a ranch some miles away, and delivered his message. The face of his companion blanched a trifle as she heard it, though her voice was steady as they hurriedly discussed the situation while galloping homeward. But as he suddenly turned his head during a lull in the conversation, he met a look in her eyes which spoke more than words, and he did not need the tell-tale blush that quickly overspread face and neck, to confirm hopes he had for some time cherished. They had outstripped the courier on his slow mule, and had slackened speed to cross a shallow stream. Not a word more was then spoken, but, reining his horse close to hers, his arm encircled her waist, and a life's compact was sealed between their meeting lips.

Located at the same post, they had for months been thrown in each other's society. During long horseback rides through the valleys of the streams, and among the foot-hills, with only the hounds for company, they had had ample time to know the feelings of each for the other; but, till this sudden revelation had come, he hesitated to make the declaration which had so often risen to his lips. There was no time for dalliance now. Stern duty forbade delay; but while the fleet-footed steeds carried them homeward, they found opportunity for conversation.

"The major knows it is not my company's turn for detached service. Why does he not send Tompkins?"

Ordinarily, the ambitious officer would have welcomed duty of the kind, or begged for the detail. He would not evade the duty now, but in the last quarter of an hour life had acquired new charms, and for once duty became secondary. But she to whom he spoke, while the love-light still shone in her eyes, replied with words which would have sufficed to send him to lead a forlorn hope, or face death.

"It may be Captain Tompkins' turn for

detached service, but your company has been selected. It must have been for some good reason. I would not have had you *volunteer* for the duty now," and as she spoke the vivid blush again mantled her cheek,—"but as the detail has been made, you should offer no objections. Think of those families with their women and children, so far away from aid. Go and perform your duty, and when you return you shall be welcomed as you deserve."

"Spoken like my own plucky sweetheart,—brave as when we faced the snowstorm together that dismal night last spring, or when you drew me senseless from beneath Queen when she had fallen in that wolf chase last fall. Of course I shall not speak of having the detail changed. I have never done such a thing, and will not begin now."

"Spoken like my own plucky sweetheart." How vividly to their minds came back the day, months before, when an unlucky mis-step while following the hounds in rapid pursuit of a wolf, had thrown his favorite hunting mare heels-overhead, with neck broken by the fall, and her rider crushed senseless under her as she went over. He was drawn from his position by the brave-hearted girl, and, scarcely able to stand, was assisted to mount her horse, which she led slowly homeward, till they met a ranchman who gave them assistance. They also recalled the long, cold night of early spring—when, returning from the little town of C——, caught in a terrible snowstorm, they faced it for hours, in constant danger of perishing, but without a murmur or sign of fear, on her part. He had wanted to speak then, but felt that it would seem like presuming on her gratitude, but now, after the sight of her truth-telling countenance, the words *would* come—the avowal *must* be made.

By the time they reached the post, preparations for the march had been well-nigh completed. Rations had been issued,—the small pack-train was brought in,—packs were arranged, and ammuni-

tion was provided; the junior medical officer and his assistant were in readiness, and it only remained for him to receive his written instructions, and bid all a hurried good-bye. The afternoon was more than half spent; it was a late hour to begin a march,—but the case demanded prompt action. While his company was forming, he bade a hasty farewell to those assembled in front of the house of the commanding officer, among them the dear one, who with ashen-hued face hidden from view of the party by her parasol, uttered her parting words in steady tones, while her eyes flashed into his, the gleam they had when he had looked into them an hour before. Into her hand, as it met his, he managed to slip a closely folded note, which was dexterously conveyed to the wrist of her glove, till in the quiet of her own room she could peruse it.

Lieutenant Burton was the only officer on duty with his company. His Captain had never joined it, but was on the staff of the Department Commander. The Second Lieutenant was on special duty at the post, and made no serious effort to be relieved from it to go with his comrade. There could be but forty men of the company sent on the duty,—so said the Post Commander—and this little band, with a surgeon and an interpreter, constituted the force to be sent, a hundred miles from any support, to confront a band of well-armed Indians, of more than ten times its strength. Burton had an excellent war record, earned on more than a score of hard-fought fields, and had seen service among the tribes of the plains, so that war was no novelty; had it been, he might have thought less seriously of the prospects. He had been for years a lonely man. Death had laid his cold hand on every one dear to him. He had felt as he stood beside the grave of the last, and best loved, that he would gladly, if God so willed, lie down by her. He had carried his sorrow a long time, as one that would last through his life. Then after many weary seasons, new scenes had softened the remembrance of

the sad ones, not to be forgotten, or toned down, while remaining among them, and into his mind had come this vision of a possibly new life and its hopes of happiness. At first he had thrust it aside as disloyalty to the dead, but the feelings refused to be trampled on, and he had learned to first appreciate, and then to love the noble hearted girl, years his junior, but with resources and strength of character unsurpassed in any woman he had ever met. She had at first pitied the lonely, never-smiling man, whose only thought seemed of duty, who appeared to care for no society, and whose lonely rides, with his hounds for companions, frequently led him far afield. But his quarters and those of her father were under the same roof, and through the dividing wall the notes of a piano, played by no unskilled hand, often came to soothe and cheer him. The years of trial had strengthened and developed him, and under ordinary circumstances he could have carried his secret longer. But he appreciated at once the gravity of the situation in which he would be placed, and if hostilities should be commenced, the chances for and against his safe return,—the latter far outnumbering the former,—and in the few moments while his soldier servant was rolling his blankets and saddling his horse, he wrote:

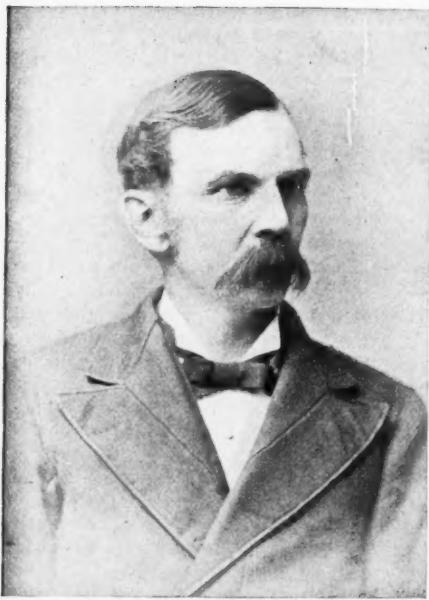
MY DARLING—Perhaps on the eve of departure on duty from which I may not return, I should not have spoken, but the revelation of your feelings in your looks and conduct swept away the barriers I had thought so strong, and our mutual love stood confessed. Now, I would not have it otherwise. Pardon me if I have acted wrongly. But I shall remember, and cherish your words, "Go, and perform your duty, and when you return you shall be welcomed as you deserve." If I had no other incentive they would be enough to sustain me under any circumstances; and when I do return, I shall hope for and expect a greeting for which a man might well peril all.

Your lover,

H. R. BURTON.

The command moved out of the post, accompanied for a short distance by several of those not attached to it, and was soon lost to sight.

In the quiet of her room Isabel La Blanche drew from its hiding-place the note she had received, and with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, read over and over again the story of a strong man's



CAPTAIN HENRY ROMEYN, U. S. A.
FORT MCPHERSON, GA.

love. Born in an Eastern city, in early years she had had all the advantages which such location could offer to one in her position; but soon after the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion her father had donned the uniform of an officer, and at its close had accepted a position in the regular army, and been sent to the far West. Here, under the watchful eye of her devoted mother, she had grown to early maturity and had developed rare traits of character. A despiser of shams, straightforward and truthful, open-hearted and open-handed, fearless, and ready-of resource, she was a favorite with the better class of those with whom she was brought in contact. Not only those with whom garrison life cast her lot, but women living on the lonely ranches, miles away from the post, had learned to appreciate her goodness of heart, and ready sympathy and assistance. Burton's attention had first been attracted toward her by seeing her caring for the sick

child of a ranchman, at whose house he had called on one of his lonely rides. As time passed and they became better acquainted, he found that, despite the seeming disparity of their years, they had many tastes in common, and almost before he was aware of it friendship had on his part grown into a deeper, holier feeling. Though the garrison was not large, there was a number of eligible officers, younger than he; but, before he had thought of it, others had begun to look upon matters as settled between them. His duties were not onerous, and she was a fearless horse-woman, and, day after day, they explored the surrounding valleys, or followed the hounds, in chase of deer or wolf.

As Isabel sought her pillow, after an evening spent principally in conversation connected with the departure of the company, and the possibility of hostilities—she read again the cherished missive, and her dreams were largely a rehearsal of the incidents of the day. Not even to her mother could she speak of the song of joy her heart was continually singing.

II.

The moon was nearly at the full, and as for several miles the trail was a plain one, Burton pushed on till nearly midnight with only a short halt for supper, and camp was made nearly twenty miles from the post. Before dawn the men were aroused, and before sunrise they were on the way. As they neared the river, the low places in the trail were found impassable for loaded animals, and on several occasions during the day's march, they were unloaded, and the men, stripped to the skin, floundered through the mud, carrying on their shoulders in small parcels the rations and ammunition with which the mules had been burdened. Notwithstanding these delays, the command had early in the afternoon marched about thirty miles,

and its commander, anxious as he was to reach the scene of probable trouble, was forced to halt for the night. No water could be had on the twenty-five miles of sage-brush plain over which the trail would lead them, and any attempt to cross the plain in their then fatigued state could end only in disaster.

Just before nightfall, the messenger who had borne the dispatch to the post on the previous day, made his appearance, riding the same horse. During the hurry of preparation for departure, there had been but little opportunity for discussing the situation at the settlement whither they were bound, but now the tired courier was called and closely questioned regarding the location of the Indian camp, the situation of the settlers' houses, the crossings of the streams, and the probabilities of getting into their midst by a night march. The attainment of that end would compel a march of nearly fifty miles in twenty-four hours, but Burton determined to make the attempt. He was a stranger to fear, but as the answers to his questions concerning the number of his probable foes gave him reason to believe he was going to meet more than ten times his own number on their own ground, his features assumed the expression designated by the gallant fellows who had followed him into the storm of battle during the days of the Rebellion, as his "fighting face,"—stern and rigid, with dilated nostrils and steely blue eyes flashing from beneath the heavy brow, giving token of the dauntless spirit which had never quailed before the foe. Sending away the messenger for a few moments, he devoted himself to the formation of plans for the morrow.

It was possible—even probable—that hostilities could be avoided. But what was to be done must be done quickly. Calling back the courier, he was asked if his horse could cover the distance between camp and the settlement, by noon of the next day. He could "by starting about 2 A. M." The interpreter, also, was well mounted, and to the two the plan for

the morrow was unfolded. They were to be awakened in time to leave camp at the hour named, proceed with the utmost dispatch to the vicinity of the settlement, make a careful reconnaissance of the situation, and, if hostilities had not begun, communicate at once with the inhabitants, and have a runner, mounted on the fleetest horse obtainable, sent back to meet the command, which would then go into camp, at a stream said to be almost thirty miles from the present resting place of the troops. The company would be *en route* at 3 A. M., in order, if possible, to reach the first stream before the extreme heat of midday.

Two days' heavy marching had greatly fatigued the unseasoned soldiers, and by the time the sun had reached the horizon, the evening meal had been dispatched, and only the sentinel on duty seemed to be awake. But to the solitary commander, the shades of night brought little of repose. Over and over again, he thought and studied on the plans for the morrow. At that hour what was the situation of the settlers? Had the threatened attack been made? How much could be expected of men who had marched a hundred miles in two days and a half—nearly half that distance in the last twenty-four hours,—and who, if able to fight at all, must "go in" at once, with no chance for rest or food? Then as he looked at the moon, shining in full splendor upon him and his sleeping men, and heard the ceaseless song of the cicada, in the bushes near the river, and the occasional dull splash which told of the fall of portions of the current-eaten banks of the swollen stream, sleep fled from his eyes; scenes of the long ago came back in memory's train; then those of later date; and, over all, the heart-stirring words, "You shall be welcomed as you deserve." Unlike Snowden's knight, "the danger's self" was not "lure, alone," nor did he "seek perchance, a Highland maid," but instead, there came before his mental vision the pale face and love-lit eyes, shaded from the view of those around, as the parting hand-

grasp was given; and then, absorbed in his new-found happiness, thoughts of battle faded away for the time, and he at length fell asleep, to dream over in detail the events of the day, to be soon aroused by the sentinel, and informed that it was 1 o'clock in the morning.

Less than an hour later the two men designated, rode quietly out of camp and, guided by the stars, pushed northwardly over the plain. Another hour, and the little command was on their trail. For twenty-five miles no water could be had; and, though the commander had personally inspected every canteen, to be certain that it was filled at starting, by 9 o'clock the heat of the summer day had become intense, and many of the perspiring marchers had drained the last drop of the precious liquid, and were undergoing the tortures of thirst. Half an hour later, the weaker ones began to fall to the rear, the feeblest to drop down under the scanty shade of the sage brush, from which the grasshoppers, having previously destroyed the scanty grass, had stripped every leaf. The emergency was great, and must be met at once. Dismounting the surgeon and leaving him with the exhausted men, Burton gathered all the empty canteens, and, taking a soldier with him, pushed on in advance, finding a stream a few miles away. The canteens filled, he returned and, giving drink to every man as he passed, went on till he had found the rearmost one, too exhausted to go any farther. Refreshed by the relief brought him, he was placed on the horse of his commander and taken forward to the halting place on the banks of the stream.

Notwithstanding his anxiety to get on, Burton saw that a long halt must be made, and a rest of three hours was decided upon. But he would not permit any fires to be built, as the smoke in that clear atmosphere would give the Indians notice of his approach, miles away; and the wearied soldiers, to whom their accustomed beverage, coffee, would have been a boon, were forced to be content with uncooked fare.

The meal eaten, most of the men, cast-

ing their blankets over "stacks" of arms, sought relief in slumber in the shade thus afforded. But to the anxious officer no such rest came. He had posted no sentry, wishing to give the wearied footmen all the rest possible, and walked about, partly as a relief to his devouring anxiety, and partly to keep himself awake. His mind, like a shuttlecock, vibrated between the terminal points of his march.

In front, he saw the distant opening to the valley which led up to the Cochetope Pass, with its boundary of steep, apparently impassable hills; though his view of the ground lying nearer was broken by the fringe of timber defining the course of the next stream, half a dozen miles away. Looking back over the route he had come, he could see all the lower part of the magnificent "park" through which the trail had led, bounded on its eastern side by the sharp pinnacles of the mountain range, terminating in the grand snow-covered peak standing guard over the post nestled near its foot. "As you deserve," ran again and again through his mind; and at each return of the refrain came up before his mental vision the scene at the crossing of the stream, as he and Isabel halted at its verge, and that other scene, when he left the post on his dangerous mission; and so love and duty divided the hours.

At the end of the time allotted for the halt, the tired soldiers were roused and the march was resumed. Midway between the streams, the couriers sent forward in the morning were met, jaded and dusty, and with intelligence of ominous import. They had proceeded to a point within five or six miles of the mouth of the valley, and, while dismounted and endeavoring to determine the meaning of an immense cloud of dust which seemed to indicate the movement of a large herd or the breaking of a camp; they were discovered from a distance by several Indians, who at once gave chase.

Finding their retreat by the trail cut off, they had been forced to make a wide detour to the left, or eastward, till sheltered

by the dense fringe of timber along the stream, and keeping within its friendly cover, they had at length recovered the trail where it crossed the water course, halting for some time at that point to rest their nearly exhausted horses and wait for the arrival of the command.

Their tale could leave no doubt as to the disposition of the Indians. A fight, somewhere, seemed inevitable. If by a night march he could gain, unseen, the houses of the settlers, he would be reinforced by nearly a score of brave men, ready to fight to the death; and, summoning the courier as soon as he had reached the shelter of the timber along the next stream and posted his sentries, he began to question him about ways of turning the flank of the hostile camp, and getting into the settlement.

Everything indicated that the camp was located on the plain, filling the narrow mouth of the valley behind it, and cutting off direct communication with any relieving force. But, if this were the case, by making a wide circuit to the left, and following a narrow, rough valley for some distance, a trail could be found which would lead to a ford above the camp, and very near the settlement. The trail could be found and followed by moonlight, and was the route agreed upon. The tired soldiers were allowed to rest till sunset, then roused for their evening meal,—prepared, as had been that of midday,—without the aid of fire. Then a careful inspection of every rifle was made, extra ammunition was issued to every man, and, as the deepening twilight hid the column from view, the march was resumed, the mounted men in advance far enough to give ample warning of anything unusual or suspicious.

One-third of the distance had been passed, when one of the horsemen came hastily back, to give notice of something moving on the trail. The company was instantly formed to receive an attack; but on closer investigation the approaching party was found to be two Mexicans, with a team, escaping from the threatened hostilities. Their information seemed to

Burton to be Heaven-sent; it changed his whole plan.

From the point where the scouts had so lately seen the dust which betokened the presence of a large body of animals, and which had been their camp, the Indians had moved to fresh grounds, within the valley, leaving open all the direct approaches to the settlement, but covering the descent from the trail indicated by the guide. Burton's heart fairly stopped beating as he listened. Had he not met these Mexicans, he would have followed that trail, and would have found himself and command in the midst of the camp, instead of having avoided it; and would have been forced to fight at fearful odds, on ground strange to him, but of which the foe knew every yard. Questioned as to how they had escaped from the settlement, they stated that as soon as darkness fell they had crossed the stream running through the valley, at its lowest ford, and keeping well off the trail for miles, had just regained it when they met the command. Despite their protest, Burton took possession of the team, and loading it with blankets and haversacks, and with the most fatigued of his men, ordered its driver to keep up with the command.

Relieved of much of their load, the men stepped out with new life, and a little after midnight they neared the river, and were within hearing of the sound of the Indian drum.

Half an hour later, they were within a fourth of a mile of a ford, and near the camp, when suddenly, the guide having missed the trail in the semi-darkness, Burton's horse plunged up to his body in a morass, and was followed by the team and more than half the command. There was little need for the order for silence, though smothered oaths and exclamations could be heard as the soldiers struggled out to firmer footing. Leaving the now thoroughly frightened Mexicans to release the team, they hurriedly removed their belongings from the vehicle,—and followed their commander to the ford. On reaching it, Burton waited only for

the command to close up, before entering. The route did not lie directly across the channel, and, not knowing this fact, Burton soon plunged off into a deep hole, to be entirely submerged by the fall, and nearly drowned by the plunges of his frightened steed, and by the grasp of one of his men who, to steady himself in the swift current, had seized the tail of the animal and was thus drawn into deep water.

To carry over the equipage and ammunition, required two or three trips of the entire company, as a man without a load must steady a man with one against the pressure of the rapid current. The water, fresh from the melting snow, chilled the men to the marrow, and Burton was glad to lead them toward shelter; which was found in an adobe house, occupied by some Mexican families. These were all crowded into a middle room of the long building; huge fires were built in the fireplaces of the others, and while he enjoyed the warmth thus obtained, the commander enjoyed also the satisfaction of having reached his destination without a fight, and of being in a situation to defy the whole Ute Nation should they choose to attack. He had marched nearly a hundred miles in two days and a half, and nearly fifty in the last twenty-two hours, had brought up every man and every pound of rations, and was prepared for a fight if the Indians wanted one. "As you deserve," was the last thought as he snatched a few moments for slumber before the early dawn of the long summer day.

The dawn had scarcely arrived before he was again astir, and, finding a blacksmith's shop near by, had secured from it tools with which to loophole the walls of his fortress, if necessary. This done, the hungry command had breakfast, and the smell of the hot food, especially of the coffee, seemed doubly refreshing after the hard march, cold food, and colder immersion of the previous day and night.

Great was the joy of the settlers when the unexpected sight of the troops met

their eyes. They had not expected aid in less than five days at the earliest, and it had come in three. They had less than five hundred rounds of ammunition and about twenty-five rifles in the whole settlement, and, had hostilities begun, could have been wholly exterminated with comparatively little loss to their foes. Or, shutting themselves up in their dirt-roofed, adobe dwellings, they must have remained there to await the arrival of assistance, and have seen all stock and other property swept away, powerless to prevent it. Their gratitude was freely expressed, and every soldier in the little command was thanked in person for his hard march and prompt arrival. Soon the interpreter, personally known to Ouray, went over near the Indian camp and called for him. He at once answered the call, and his pleasure at the arrival of troops was evidently sincere. In a short time, accompanied by all his sub-chiefs, he appeared to welcome the commanding officer. Orders were at once issued for the arrest of the parties who had fomented the disturbance. But they had fled as soon as the arrival of the soldiers was known, and no effort was made to pursue them.

Burton was not disinclined to give himself and his men a good rest before returning to the post; and also judged it best for the command to remain long enough to be certain that no trouble was to be apprehended from a return of the discontented element to the Indian camp. The settlers were anxious to have him remain as long as possible, and after giving him and the animal a day's rest, he dispatched one of the command back to the post with a letter to the commanding officer, notifying him of his safe arrival, and detailing the subsequent circumstances. With it went a brief note to her whose image was so constantly in his thoughts, and then he gave himself up to rest and enjoyment. The fishing was fine in the cold mountain stream, and every man who could get possession of hook and line was soon enjoying the sport.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK COLLECTOR.

BY MABEL BRADLEY FULLER.

IT WAS twilight in May. The streets were alive with shoppers and people going home from work. In little bookstore, shut in by two larger buildings upon either side, an old man stood talking over the counter to the bookseller. Before him lay a number of books he had been examining. Under his arm was snugly tucked a package of books. His personal appearance was striking. His face was clean-shaven and peaked; his eyes, once a beautiful dark blue, were now faded to an indiscriminate color, something between a blue and a gray. It was only when he was excited and elated over a new and rare purchase that they gleamed forth again as though the light of youth had not all died out. His hair was white and combed smoothly back from the ears and hung long and straight upon his shoulders; the bald surface upon the top of his head was fitted closely into a black skull-cap. He wore this on his head all the time and seldom anything else, outdoor or indoor, summer or winter, unless the weather was unusually cold, and then he replaced it with a fur cap. His clothing was well brushed and cleaned but it showed, even with this constant care, much needed repair; like its owner, it had grown thin and old; yet it clung to this bent old figure as though accustomed to look its small best for his sake. A patch on the underside of the sleeve did credit to the skill of his only servant's unskilled fingers. He raised his arm and quickly lowered it again, but he was not endeavoring to conceal it; he thought of it not at all. All his life he had been supremely indifferent to outward appearance. He was only tucking his precious burden of books more securely into the hollow of his arm.

The man behind the counter smiled blandly. He had the old man's gold pieces jingling in his hand. Both were

satisfied with the exchange. *He* was more than satisfied; a look of joy lit up the calm white features. At last he had it, the volume he had coveted so long. He had gone without his supper many a night to pay the price. Supper indeed, when he could feast upon such riches as that volume contained! He was eager to get home and unfold it and handle it and gloat over it and realize that it was indeed his own. For this little old man was a book collector gone mad, a literary miser.

When he got home to his shabby rooms, his old man-servant let him in. "I have it, Habney," he cried, "it was an ungodly price—but what of that, man. It's well worth it. What, eh? The butcher's bill? Never mind, Habney, the man can wait. Light up the library. I don't want supper; eat it yourself and go to bed."

The hall-way was, like all apartment house entrances, dark and gloomy. His rooms were on the second floor, four of them. A little room that you first entered, it answered the purpose of a hall in a private house; then passing through, to the right, you came to a poorly furnished room, where Habney kept house and slept; another door, to the left, opened into his master's bedroom; the only entrance to his library was through the old man's bedchamber.

His looks had not belied his fortune. Three more scantily furnished rooms could not easily be found. Then a surprise awaited one. It delighted the man, to-night, as he looked in upon this largest room. Habney had done as he was bidden; all the lamps they possessed had been lighted and they made the room resplendent. If a room complete in its furnishings had been taken from one of those elegant uptown mansions and set down here, as one of these wretched apartment rooms, the appearance would have been much the same

with one exception; it would be hard to find even in the most thoroughly well-stocked library one-half the rare and valuable books this man possessed. Somewhere, along back in his boyhood, with hard-earned money he had begun it, and with the buying of that book—he could have found the very one for you, at a moment's notice, among those heavily laden shelves—had come the desire for more, the thirst for knowledge, the love of acquiring. A noble ambition, but like all passions, furious, fateful!

Book-men the country over, knew him and they were always on the alert for something tempting to arouse the old man's appetite. It was his delight and their gain. He was not easily deceived. Once, years before, he had paid a large sum for a book, which was supposed to be the original, but which proved to be only a copy. Since then he had been suspicious of all dealers. To-night he looked with the delight of an epicure upon his library shelves loaded with nourishing food for the mind and senses. Everything else in the place harmonized with the wealth of his books; soft rugs were strewn about, convenient tables, book supporters, and a number of easy chairs.

Sometimes he invited a party of old friends to sit with him here; one was an old physician whom he had known for years, another a lawyer, and a third an editor, a man much younger, but proud to call him friend. At other times, like to-night, he sat alone; took down each book and wiped it lovingly with an old silk handkerchief and read a page or two to refresh his memory.

He had, at different times, sacrificed many things to this gathering of the poets, historians, novelists, biographers, and great men of all times and ages. Not only had he gone without, but those about him had done the same. To-night he seized his new-found treasure and read it slowly. It was a heavy book, treating of life in the middle ages. It delighted him. He did not mark the time until Habney opened the door softly

and inquired if he should help his master on retiring. Then he awoke to time and place and found that by his watch it was past one.

"I beg your pardon!" said Habney, venturing forward as he found his master was thoroughly aroused. "Here's a letter, sir."

"A letter! What mail?"

"The six-thirty, sir. You'll not need my help, sir?"

"Not I, Habney, good night!"

He sat and looked at the letter. He did not often receive one. He had no doubt whom it was from. He knew the postmark and the feminine scrawl upon the outside. He wished that she had not written. It was so hard to answer her letters. She was, as her mother had been, all passion and fire. While he,—perhaps the years he bore, perhaps the company he kept, those quiet people in the books yonder, made him calm and quiet.

It was just a little note, not well written, not even correctly spelled. O, the hours he had spent, long ago, trying to teach her!

FATHER—I have got to write to you again, though you said I needn't mind. We are in terrible trouble and my heart's like to break with it. Dick has done a terrible thing; anyway he is arrested for it. It happened in a saloon where I begged him not to go; but he'd taken to drinking again and wouldn't mind what I said. There was a man killed and they've got Dick and two others held for it. I know Dick did not do it, but everybody else says he did. He don't know because he had been drinking so hard and was confused. Oh, father, what shall I do? It'll take a heap of money to get him off. I know you havn't any and have trouble enough, but who else can I turn to now? There's the boy, named for you and like you, too! You will be proud of him some day if you ain't of us. He's just getting big enough to sense things. Something must be done for his sake. When I ran away with Dick, I never thought of this. Father, you were right; but he's in trouble now and I'll stand by him. You could not come, I know, but is there anyone of whom you could borrow money? I am honest. I am your daughter and, if I live, I will repay it. I beg of you write.

MARY.

Next morning the old man found himself unable to rise. He dispatched Habney for his old friend, the doctor.

"What's up now?" said the genial old fellow, as he grasped the hot hand of the book collector. "Tell you what, my man, you spend too much time among those books of yours. You need exercise.

You're too much of a recluse. Open your heart a little, my friend; there are people in the world as well as in books."

"You're right, doctor," said he, "if the people in the books were half as troublesome as those in the world, one would not care to pay a good price for them."

The doctor laughed. "You and I will never be rich, friend. You throw away money; other people throw mine away. Well, it's unsatisfactory both ways. However, mind my advice, go more into the open air; don't let your mind dwell too long upon the antediluvian ages. Freshen up, don't fossilize, and don't buy any more books—at least for a week. Talk about riches, man, your wealth is here; these books of yours are worth a handsome fortune! Enjoy them while you can; some day some one will scatter them for you."

When the doctor went away, the old man was not sure that he had done him any good. He was used to his jokes, rough and practical though they were; but to-day, after last night's news, his talk seemed ill-advised and inapplicable.

Habney helped him dress that morning, and left him in the library to his thoughts. Well, he wished he were a rich man, then he could help her out. He had loved her once, when she was little and hung about his knees; had even forgiven her when in childish wilfulness she tore up one of his most valuable books. When she grew older, she constantly disobeyed him. At last she went away and married against his wishes. He had not seen her much since. Her mother's life had paid the price of hers. How many years ago,—how many? And men wondered that he was a recluse, a book-worm! His fine old face was wet with tears. He did not often sorrow, but this trouble of hers had worried him more than he cared to own. Yes, she had been a sore trial to him, for she had not cared for any of those things which comprised his happiness. Why had she written? Why did she always annoy him when he felt the most contented? She was young. The young

could bear trouble and laugh over it. He was old. This morning he felt weighted down with years. When he was dead she could have—what could she have? What was there in these little rooms of his of value to any one, save the books? His heart gave a throb. His brow contracted. What was it the doctor had said? That they were worth a fortune. Ha, ha, he knew it, but not even Mary should scatter them for him when he was dead. He would burn them first. That scoundrel of a husband of hers! Oh, she had been richly repaid for her foolishness! Poor girl, poor girl! He remembered the morning she was born, and the beautiful flush on the mother's face, which had been succeeded, three days later, by death's pallor. He shivered. Why, that was many years ago! For a long time all feeling concerning it had died out. To-day it had been resurrected and had torn open all the old sore places and they bled.

What had the doctor said? "Don't fossilize." Had he fossilized? He envied his quiet of yesterday. What was going on in that far-off city where Mary was fighting, empty-handed, for her husband's life? Better let him suffer the consequences of his crime. If he were guilty, she were well rid of him! The boy, he felt a thrill of pride, was like himself. All that Mary had missed, that he would have gladly endowed her with—his culture, his desire for knowledge, his natural gifts, which were not small—had been handed down by the law of heredity—which often misses one generation and flowers out in the next—to this boy of hers. Once he had stayed a whole year with his grandfather, and that was a happy year for both. Many a book had gone unbought to keep him, but he had been worth the sacrifice. On the day he returned home the old lawyer friend had drawn up, at his request, a will giving at his death all that rare and valuable collection of books to the boy, to be held in trust for him until he should be old enough to realize their value, to love them as his grandparent did, and

never, under any stress of circumstances, to scatter or sell them. Sell them! He shivered and then his eyes lingered lovingly over them. They looked out at him like unchangeable friends, tried and true. Every book in that collection had a history. Some of them he had traced from place to place, from owner to owner, until they had passed into his hands. It had taken a great deal of money to do all this; he had not spent it upon folly; he had it here as a monument to himself. That book he had purchased last night completed a valuable set.

Why was he not happy to-day? He would have been, but for that letter. Why could she not have kept her ill news to herself? Why had she selfishly unloaded it upon his old heart? Money; he had not much now; only enough to carry him and Habney through until—. He could not buy many more books even; he should have to be satisfied with what he had. He had never borrowed money. It would burn him like some disgrace, and his friends, like himself, had none to lend. He would write to her and tell her so. But, instead, he flung open the doors of his book-case and stood looking at his treasures. If he were but dead now!—He shut the doors hastily with nervous hands, and walked feebly up and down the room,

That boy, that dear boy! First the father should be saved. No boy can make good way in the world with a millstone, like the memory of a father's mad career, to drag him down. But how, how? Then he must be educated, started right, given the chance that had not come his way. If he were young again, even a middle-aged man, he could go back to his tutorship and earn enough to accomplish this for the child. But youth, where was it? Old, old, he wrung his helpless hands and kept up that tireless pacing up and down.

Once Habney looked in and protested against his master over-exerting himself and was distressed when, with an excited gesture, he waved him aside and in an unnatural tone bade him go and shut the door.

The morning sunshine left that part of the house; the afternoon shade deepened; the steady tramp in the street below came loudly up to the apartment rooms; the noises upon the pavement increased as the mills and factories sent out their shrill whistles and ringing of many bells. Six o'clock!

Habney was cooking something to tempt his master's appetite; it sent out a savory odor. He went to his master's room and knocked. No answer. Then he opened the door and stepped in. The old man lay upon his bed sleeping sweetly; his breath came and went like a child's; around the withered mouth a smile rested, a look that, for the moment, robbed age of its ugliness and made the aristocratic features beautiful. He is better, thought Habney, smoothing the clothes over the form with a gentle touch. "But something has come to him. I've not seen the master look like that—no, not in forty years!"

The next morning the old lawyer was closeted with him for an hour. When the latter came out he tapped Habney on the shoulder. "It's a new deal, Habney! I'm off to B—— to defend a man who is on trial for his life. Your master means to tell you all about it. Take care of him, he needs care and, when that confounded auction of books comes off, send him as far away as possible."

"Auction of books!" repeated Habney in awed whisper.

"Yes; even that has come to pass, Habney; and, if you love your master, stay near, close to his heart, until the next week is over. Just tell him, will you, that I will do what I can for his man and there will be no fees in our settlement. He's doing it for the boy's sake and we'll do what we can for his."

At the time of the auction, duly advertised and managed by his editor friend—to which, glad of so good a chance, all lovers and buyers of books flocked—an old man was observed, far away from the place, wandering in the suburbs. Sometimes he stopped and listened, as though he heard the hammer of some distant

auctioneer, then he plunged into the thicket.

When he emerged again it was evening. A child running to its mother took him for some wandering beggar and gave an affrighted cry at the look in the old face, the face that was usually so gentle and calm. Yet he was a rich man that night, richer than in all his seventy years before. But how poor, how poor he felt!

Fifteen years from that day a young college student stood in the old book shop. An old man stood near him. The bookseller leaned over the counter. "I remember your late grandfather well," he cried, "but the thing you ask is a task worth while. The books are all scattered now, and I do not think we could make the collection the same. It took him a lifetime to do it." "Well, you do what you can," said the young man, "and we will pay you well. Take the name and the address, Habney! Grandfather did more for me than any one else and I reverence his memory. I want the books he owned because they were his and he loved them."

A few miles from that city there is a

place set apart for the burial of the dead; love and care have made the spot beautiful. To visitors it is enchanting because of its beauty; to those who have buried their loved ones there it is holy ground.

In the corner where the shade is dense and the shrubbery grows luxuriantly is the grave of the book collector. A velvety carpet of grass covers it; flowers bloom beside it; birds come in summer and build their nests in the branches above it; the summer wind sweeps over it and bends the flower heads till they kiss the earth.

A young man comes here sometimes and flings his cap off and, inspired by his surroundings, lies in the grass and writes. The plant of heredity, which has its flower as well as its thorn, is in bloom. Love brings two older people with a troop of children to visit it on Sundays. The children laugh and play; they disturb no one. The woman looks off into the skies and thinks of many things. The man looks upon the earth; he has always looked there; but then, he was born so.

Then they go home together and leave the wind to sweep over it, the flowers to bloom upon it, the birds to sing a good night to it.



THE RENUNCIATION.

WHAT thoughts weighed down upon the Nazarene,
In Pilate's court, that day of rue and gloom,
When those whom He had sought to save from doom
Barabbas chose? Was anguish e'er as keen
As that which marked the Christ-refusing scene?
For He had toiled, with God's own perfect loom,
To weave a web-like curtain for the tomb
Through whose fair mesh the after-life serene
Might be discerned; and then — oh, bitter thought
The Holy One who was of all men chief
Was set aside as one who counts for naught,
The mob demanding freedom for a thief!
The Cross to Him was merciful — it brought
Release from heartless man, and sweet relief.

Franklyn W. Lee.

THE HUMOR OF WHITTIER.

BY J. L. PICKARD, LL. D.

IT IS quite natural to look upon the world's reformers as men of forbidding aspect, of sharp, critical tongue—men too deeply immersed in the woes that have aroused them ever to permit a smile to flit over the face or a light word to ripple from the mouth. Elijah, John the Baptist, Luther are our types. With them we have classed Garrison, Whittier, Sumner, anti-slavery leaders of more recent times.

Perusal of the "Life and Letters of John G. Whittier," by his literary executor, Samuel T. Pickard, A. M., has served to correct previous impressions regarding this poet of the fireside.

Quaint and sincere was the humor of Whittier, a humor descended as Addison has tersely presented the genealogy:—

*Truth,
Good Sense,
Wit—Mirth,
Humor.*

A few instances, gathered chiefly from his letters, will illustrate fully the legitimacy of his humor.

"The Demon of the Study" and the leaflet used in the Presidential campaign of 1860, entitled "The Quakers Are Out," may be read from his published works.

When urged by a cultured friend to attempt the suppression of the inarticulate groanings of some of the speakers of their faith by calling it *grunting*, Whittier gravely replied: "Thee better not do it; if thee take away the grunt, there is nothing left."

Invited to a membership in the National Carriage Builders' association, he replied: "My vehicles have been of the humbler sort—merely the farm wagons and buckboards of verse, and not likely to run as long as Dr. Holmes' 'One Hoss Shay,' the construction of which entitles him to the first place in your association."

To his friend, Lucy Larcom, who had

spoken of a poem she had in preparation, he said: "Don't make the poem too long. Thee can cut it down or razee it after it is finished, I suppose; but it is hard to kill one's children, even if the family is too large."

When Gail Hamilton was at the height of her popularity, in the family of Secretary Blaine in Washington, Mr. Whittier wrote her: "I am a little fearful, that after all this intimacy with Excellencies and Honorables, and Mrs. Judge This or General That, thee will set thyself quite above thy plebeian friends at home. The last time I was in Boston, like Burns, 'I dinnered wi' a Lord,' and yet, on leaving his lordship, if I had met thee on the street, I should have civilly nodded, at the least. Tell Mr. Blaine I don't envy him his position as keeper of the great Washington menagerie. I take it, the specimen we have sent him from our district [the Essex district, then represented by Mr. Butler] don't need stirring up to make him show himself."

While Mr. Whittier was deeply interested in politics, and in the advocacy of women's rights to devotion on the part of men, he evidently shrank from advocacy of woman suffrage, lest it take away from woman's simplicity and modesty. In a brief note to Gail Hamilton, on receipt of her book bearing upon suffrage and labor, he writes: "I will simply say that my old bachelor reverence for woman has been somewhat disturbed by thy revelations. Voter or no voter, I have faith in her."

After reading Elizabeth Stuart Phelps on "What to Wear," he writes her: "Think of these grotesque caricatures of womanhood at the ballot-box! Of legislators in panniers and bustles, scant of clothing where it is most needed, and loaded down where it is not!"—A touch of sarcastic humor not unpardonable.

Mr. Whittier had a parrot, who sometimes proved a friend in need. Like all men of distinction, he was subjected to annoyance from long-winded bores. His parrot had a fiendish delight in nipping at the leg when exposed. One of his troublesome callers, as he talked rapidly, rocked to and fro in his chair, bringing his trousers above his shoes. The helpful parrot, much to Mr. Whittier's delight, was edging around the visitor's chair. As a sharp twinge broke the long line of talk, the opportunity came for Mr. Whittier to get in a word of apology and to close the one-sided conference.

Mr. Whittier's modesty is well known, and yet he did not take unkindly to the praise of a friend. When he had received, upon his birthday, a tribute from Elizabeth Cavazza—as he thought a little fulsome—he accepted it with a disclaimer by no means unkind. He writes: "While reading, I began to doubt my identity, like the man coming from town-meeting after he had been chosen selectman, and who, overwhelmed with his honors, began to feel that he could not be himself, and was only reassured by calling his dog and finding himself recognized."

Mrs. Fields had invited him to read from some of his writings before a Boston audience, in behalf of some charity. "Thee asks a miracle of me. Anything within the bounds of my possibilities I would do, as thee very well knows, not only for the cause's sake, but for thine. Ask me to dance the polka, or walk a slack-rope from the Park street steeple to the State House dome, but don't ask me to stand up and read my rhymes to a Boston audience. . . . I am so sorry to have to say no and disappoint thee."

His first royalty upon "Mabel Martin" was one thousand dollars. His note of acknowledgment to his publishers was very happy. "I am greatly obliged to re-



J. L. PICKARD, LL.D., OF IOWA CITY,
Ex-President of the Iowa State University.

ceive through thee from Mabel Martin her Christmas gift of one thousand dollars. I scarcely expected the young lady to 'come down' so handsomely."

In lighter vein, to Lucy Larcom: "I am doing nothing at a great rate; come down and help me. Everything seems returning to its original dust. We can't lay the dust of the streets for fear the water will turn to steam and blow up the cart."

In the same stress of heart he writes to Celia Thaxter, at her sea-girt home: "A bumblebee has found the sunshine a little too much, even for him, and is buzzing and droning like a steam engine round my head as I write. The thermometer is at 100°, with an upward tendency. I have been refrigerating myself with cool recollections of the mountains and the shoals."

Dearly as Mr. Whittier loved his

FACSIMILE OF A SONNET BY WHITTIER.

From the original, loaned THE MIDLAND MONTHLY by Hon. Charles Aldrich, from the famous
Aldrich Collection in the Historical Department of Iowa.

A Day of Reckoning.

As Islam's Prophet when his last day drew
Nigh to its close, besought his friends to say
Whom he had wronged, to whom he ~~then~~ should pay
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue.
So, at this sundown season, let me crave
Forgiveness of perchance my word or deed
Or straight has wronged another. Let me plead
The natural frailty which offends I gave,
The inharmonious temperament of song,
Unquiet nerves and over-wearied brain,
And, with the sad self-consciousness of pain
Impatient zeal that made the ~~just~~ seem wrong
I cease to judge; I close my lips to blame,
Forgiving all. ~~As~~ I ask the same.

John G. Whittier

mother, he greatly enjoyed a joke at her expense. Sophronia Page, in attendance upon a yearly meeting, was a guest at the Whittier homestead. Upon leaving, she had inadvertently taken Mrs. Whittier's bonnet, and, after arriving at her home, discovered her mistake, and returned the bonnet by express in her son's care. The following dialogue is recorded, drawn out by the mother's notice of deep distress in the manner of her son:

"Why, Greenleaf, what is the matter?
Is thee ill?"

"No, I am not ill, but I am feeling very
much troubled, very sad."

"Tell me what has happened."

"Mother, I dread to tell thee, for it
will shock and grieve thee so it will
make thee sick at heart."

"Don't keep me in suspense; tell me
the worst at once."

"Mother, has thee heard from So-
phronia Page since she left here?"

"Why, no; has anything happened to
her—is she sick?"

"She is not sick, and no ordinary thing
has happened to her; it is worse than
that. There is something terrible com-
ing out against her. It will shake the
Yearly Meeting."

"What is thee talking about? I be-
lieve Sophronia Page is too well balanced
to take any rash steps in the Society
troubles. Don't keep me waiting any
longer."

"Well, mother, if thee must know, I
will tell thee. Sophronia Page, incred-
ible as it may seem, has been taking
what does not belong to her."

"Greenleaf, I'd have thee know that
Sophronia Page is not a woman to make
slight jokes about. I don't see any fun
in such talk."

"Mother, this is no idle joke; I am
telling the truth. Sophronia Page has
been taking what does not belong to her.
Thee will have to believe it, for she has
begun to return what she has taken."
(Producing the bonnet.)

"Greenleaf, if thee were twenty years

younger, I would take thee over my knee!" From all Mr. Whittier's writings we learn that his religious nature was ever alive and sensitive. Still he could on occasion perpetrate a joke upon a serious matter.

His "old schoolmaster," Joshua Coffin, in the later years of his life, conceived the idea that he had "sinned away his day of grace," and that the future life held out no hope for him. In one of his despondent days Mr. Whittier called upon him and asked, "Don't thee hate God, who has doomed thee to everlasting torment?"

"Why, no; it is for the good of all that some are punished."

"Joshua, thee has spent thy life doing good, and now thee is, of course, getting ready to do all the hurt thee can to thy fellowmen?"

"No, indeed; my feelings have not changed in the least in this regard."

"Thee is going to hell, then, in this mood?"

"Why, yes; I am reconciled to the will of God, and have no ill-feelings toward Him or my race."

"Now, Joshua, thee is going to hell with a heart full of love for everybody. What can the devil find for such an one as thee to do?"

Whittier's washerwoman had saved from her earnings enough to build her a house. Friends made her a visit when she was fully installed in her new home. Mr. Whittier, who had suggested the reception, sent a few stanzas, of which the following are samples:

III.

The question of labor
Is solved by our neighbor—
The old riddle guessed out—
The wisdom sore needed,
The truth long unheeded,
Her flatiron has pressed out.

IV.

Thanks, then, to Kate Choate,
Let the idle take note
What their fingers were made for.
She, cheerful and jolly,
Worked on, late and early,
And bought—what she paid for.



AFTERNOON IN MAY.



THROUGH all the blossoming garden space
The plum's white petals drifted lie,
And leafing branches fret like filmiest lace
The tender, broken sky.

Between the silvery clouds of gray,
That balmy, sunlit showers foretell,
Gleam passing rifts of that soft hue which May
Folds in the light blue-bell.

Now great swift drops, as evening nears,
Blend earth and heaven, grow thin, and lo,—
Sweet as a smile that breaks through faltering tears,—
The sunset's dazzling glow!

Julia W. Albright.

Women's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.*

THE second biennial session of the Iowa Federation to be held at Dubuque, May 5th and 6th, is now close at hand. The convention will undoubtedly assume large proportions, since each federated club is entitled to representation by two delegates, and there are now over one hundred and fifty clubs enrolled. The circulars relating to the meeting sent out by the Executive Board, have been prepared with care, and contain all necessary information relating to the convention. A meeting of the Board of Directors has been called for Tuesday evening, May 4th. This board is composed of the Executive Board, and the Presidents of all federated clubs, who are *ex-officio* vice-presidents of the Federation. At this meeting there will be a free discussion on subjects of especial interest. The subjects selected are: The Value of Chautauqua Work, The Value of University Extension, Department Clubs, City Federations, Village Improvement Clubs, Village Life and Our Relation to It, Benevolent and Philanthropic Work, How May the Federation Become More Useful to the Clubs, Library Work, Household Economics, Parliamentary Law, Original Work, Civic Clubs, Extempore Speaking, Large and Small Clubs. Leaders have been appointed to introduce each subject, after which the discussion will be open, and three-minute speeches will be the rule.

So much of good lies in suggestion, that it would be of great benefit if the study program of every club in Iowa could be furnished all the other clubs. This is at present impracticable, but much that is helpful in this way will doubtless result from the proposed calendar exchange and exhibit at the coming biennial meeting. All clubs are requested to send six copies of their annual programs and any

*All information and other correspondence relative to club matters should be addressed directly to Mrs. Towner, Corning, Iowa.

club exhibit they may possess, to Miss Edith Lane, of Dubuque, chairman of the Exchange and Exhibit Committee.

In these notes an effort has been made from time to time to outline briefly the work undertaken, as well as results obtained, by as many of the federated clubs as possible, that each might profit by the experience of others. A number of year-books have been recently received, attractive in appearance, and showing excellent outlines of work. The very dainty year-book of the Lowell Club, of Boone, shows the principal study of the club this year to have been the history of the Netherlands; in connection with which Dutch art, two American writers, and civil government have received attention. The books of reference used, a list of which is printed in the year book, are well chosen, and will be suggestive to other clubs pursuing the same line of work. The Boone Hawthorne Club comprises fifteen members. The course of study for this year has been the history of Greece, the subject being presented each week in the form of a paper, followed by discussion. In connection with this, papers have been given upon the works of eminent writers.

The Woman's Club, of Coon Rapids, in addition to the study of Russian history, has done much original work. Discussions, conversations, and papers on timely and practical subjects are features of the programs. A very successful lecture course has been managed this year by the club, and plans are now being perfected by them for the organization of a village improvement society.

The Harlan Literary Club is one of several in the Federation following a university extension course. Bryce's "Social Institutions of the United States" has been used as a text-book. Many other subjects have received attention and papers have been presented upon important questions of the day.

The Ladies' Literary Club, of Independence, now in its twentieth year, has also undertaken a university extension course. Much original work is done and many of the papers presented deserve especial mention. The Club enjoyed this winter

a paper from the Reciprocity Bureau, by Mrs. Adelaide Lawton, of Cedar Rapids, on "Posters," which was attractively illustrated.

The West Union Tourist Club has been interested this year in the study of Japan, and the pretty and well arranged year-book shows a most attractive program. Though Japan has been the principal study, papers on subjects relating to political economy and sociology, have formed an important part of the program, and parliamentary work is taken up in a systematic manner.

An interesting course in ancient, medieval, and modern history is occupying the Zetamethean Club, of Chariton. This Club does not indulge in a summer vacation but carries its work through the year. Readings from *The Chautauquan*, and current events vary the regular study. The Entre Nous Club, also of Chariton, reports a most pleasant and profitable season in the study of literature and current events. The last half of the year will be devoted to the study of some of Shakespeare's plays.

Iowa is proud to be the home of one of the oldest literary clubs in the country, a club which has a history of earnest and effective work. The Conversational Club, of Dubuque, was founded by Mary Newberry Adams, in 1868, the year which marked the organization of the New York Sorosis. This Club has now a membership of twenty. Its members are earnest, thoughtful women who see the relationship of ideas, and who can reason and think independently. The Club has no outline of formal study. Its main work this winter has been along the line of the development of the democratic spirit in America, reading Goldwin Smith's Political History, with much informal discussion. The secretary writes, "While our work is serious, our method is neither laborious or formal." Did space permit, much of interest might be written of the work of this Club during the many years of its existence.

From the Fortnightly Club, of Anamosa, comes the report of a most interesting course in French history, the Club using, in connection with it, Brownell's useful and entertaining book, "French Traits." Psychical phenomena occupies a half hour each week, while music, criticism and parliamentary practice vary the programs.

The Clio Club, of Carroll, has also been interested this year in the study of France. Each program has, in addition, one topic of general interest. The secretary writes, "A new departure with us, and one from which we have already derived much benefit in ready speaking without manuscript, is a series of 'conversations.'" The public library, inaugurated and so successfully carried on by the Club, is still engaging its earnest attention, and has grown both in popular favor and in the number of volumes.

The Le Mars Woman's Club is one of three progressive clubs of that progressive little city. This year two plays of Shakespeare, Grecian history, and contemporary writers of fiction have been studied. The Shakespearean plays have been read and discussed, papers have been presented upon divisions of Grecian history, and writers of fiction have been discussed in five-minute talks. The Club reports a very profitable year.

The history and literature of Germany has been occupying the Tourist Club, of Oelwein. The work is very carefully outlined, and each division of the subject is reviewed and discussed. The Tourist Club is among those believing that the study of parliamentary usage should be an important part of club work, and devotes half an hour each week to parliamentary drill.

Cedar Rapids has a number of progressive, well organized clubs, all doing excellent work. Of these the Woman's Club, the Ladies' Literary Circle and several others have already been mentioned in this department. Among the other federated clubs of the city should be mentioned the Clio Club, the oldest in Cedar Rapids, having been organized in 1878, from a small reading club. Its programs have been miscellaneous, including history, literature and music, with current events. Among its membership the Clio claims many bright women prominent in literary and philanthropic work.

The Friday Club, of Cedar Rapids, was organized in 1881, and has twenty-five members. Its motto is Macaulay's suggestive saying, "Knowledge advances by steps, not by leaps." Its work, which this year includes American literature, parliamentary drill, and current events, is systematically planned and carried out. At intervals throughout the year special programs have been arranged.

In November an interesting Longfellow program was given; one devoted to Lincoln, on Lincoln's birthday, and in April a guest day was known as "Woman's Day." A feature of the last meeting of the year will be original stories by each member.

An interesting Cedar Rapids organization is the Ionian Club. The Ionians have this year pursued a course in English literature and history, which is admirably outlined. History has been studied by means of "conversations" in charge of a leader, while the study of literature has been by means of carefully prepared papers, the character of the author under discussion being carefully and critically reviewed.

The Athene Club, a bright organization of Cedar Rapids teachers, has enjoyed this year a very interesting program. French history has been the principal study, with art and current events as secondary subjects. The work in art has been a study of the ten greatest pictures of the world. The club stands in the relation of godmother to the Athene Club of Tipton, which it assisted in organizing last spring. The Hiawatha Club, of Cedar Rapids, has been engaged in the study of American history. Two American writers have also been studied at each meeting. Extemporaneous speaking has been made a regular feature, and music has always a place upon the programs.

Of the many bright clubs in Des Moines, much might be written. Well directed, efficient work in many directions shows that the club spirit is here attended by beneficent results. Among the smaller clubs is the Madeline de Scudéry Club, now in its eleventh year. The work undertaken has been along broad lines, and is varied as occasion demands. Much of the time has been devoted very profitably to history, and Guizot's History of France has been studied this year. Attention has also been given to literature, and one afternoon each month has been devoted to the study of nations, their governments and rulers. In philanthropic work the Scudéry has furnished a bed for the Children's Home, and engages to keep it supplied with bedding. Mrs. L. F. Andrews has been the efficient President since the organization of the Club.

The North Side Club, of Des Moines, has this year studied American authors and their works. A social afternoon of especial interest this year was known as "Emerson Day," when an address by Rev. Leon Harvey, on "Concord and its Associations" was enjoyed by the Club.

The Club have also had the pleasure this winter of a fine paper on "Elements of a National American Literature," by Professor Hanna, of Highland Park College.

The Fortnightly Literary Club, of Ottumwa, has been studying United States history, with miscellaneous subjects, and the year-book of the Club not only presents a valuable résumé of the work undertaken, but is replete with apt quotation. Under "Miscellany," papers have been presented upon many very interesting and timely subjects. Once a month readings from American authors have been given, and music has been a special feature of each alternate meeting. Two papers from outside the Club were enjoyed early in the winter, one by Mrs. Everts, of Cedar Rapids, on Victor Hugo, and one delivered by Mrs. Margaret Foster, of Des Moines, on "Perils of Our Republic," from the Reciprocity Bureau. The Club has also enjoyed a series of six lectures, one being arranged for each month of the club year. The members of the Club have this year shown their interest in the Y. W. C. by making the association a liberal donation of books.

A pleasant exchange of club courtesies was recently enjoyed by the Wimodaughis and Beethoven Clubs, of Marshalltown; the Wimodaughis Club acting as hostess, and the Beethoven Club furnishing a most delightful musical program. This cordial reciprocal relation between neighboring clubs is being cultivated throughout the state, and is one of the visible benefits of the federation. The Beethoven Club has also recently enjoyed a Japanese musicale, so unique and attractive in conception that it is regretted that a detailed account cannot be given for the benefit of other musical clubs.

Among the many notable and interesting meetings of the Marshalltown Women's Club, none have been more so than one held recently in charge of the art department, when Mrs. Gertie B. Abdill, of the Waterloo Ladies' Literary Society, read a much appreciated paper on the Dresden Gallery. Following this Mrs. Abdill gave a sketch of the musical composers of France.

The Sorosis Current Topic Club, of Mason City, has been studying Shakespeare. Six of the plays have received attention, and they are very fully and suggestively outlined in the year book. Many well selected and stimulating subjects, under the general divisions of art, science, sociology, literature and morals, afford topics for general discussion in

charge of a leader. The year-book is tasteful and complete, and indicates a high standard among the members of the club.

Mrs. C. E. Conant, of Minneapolis, sends the following regarding Minnesota clubs:

"The Woman's Council, of Minneapolis, held an unusually interesting session at its February meeting. These monthly public meetings are under the supervision of different departments of the council alternately; and this meeting was in the hands of the Educational Department. Mrs. J. C. Crays, President of the local Board of Education, and Miss Margaret J. Evans, of Carleton College, Northfield, were the guests of honor of the afternoon. The program included an exceedingly able address by Miss Evans regarding the ethical side of education, its present status and the exigencies of the future in this respect. Mrs. Crays spoke on the general subject of the afternoon and of her own special work. After this came comprehensive papers on drawing as taught in the public schools, illustrated by work actually done by the pupils; on kindergarten work; and on the flower mission work of the Woman's Improvement League in the schools. The literary program of the afternoon was followed by a very charming and cordial, but informal, reception in the parlors of the church where the meetings are held, during the course of which Miss Evans and Mrs. Crays, together with the officers of the council, met and greeted a very large number of the members of the council and the teachers of the public schools.

In February, 1896, the Minnesota Federation of Woman's Clubs met in St. Paul for a midwinter breakfast. About two hundred and fifty were present; and it was generally voted a very enjoyable occasion; and most successful in its aim of encouraging acquaintance, and promoting a kindly social feeling among the clubs of the state. On February 18, 1897, occurred the second similar event, at the West Hotel in Minneapolis. This time five hundred and fifty ladies were present. The exercises of the day embraced a business meeting at 9 A. M., an informal reception in the parlors at 11 A. M., and the breakfast at 12. The breakfast was followed by a program of addresses on

subjects of general interest to the members of the Federation; and of "Best thoughts of the year," from the clubs whose membership was so recent that they had never before been represented on a program; these were about twenty-five in number. The Federation numbers sixty-seven clubs, and fifty-nine clubs were represented in the attendance. Surely when it is considered that this took place in midwinter, and that the clubs come from even the most remote corners of the state, it speaks well for the interest taken in the meetings of this body. Preparations for the annual meeting in St. Paul in October are taking shape rapidly."

The well arranged year-book of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs is at hand, and from it one may gather interesting data concerning Nebraska clubs. Dates are announced for the mid-summer meeting to be held in June, by invitation of the Beatrice Chautauqua, and the annual meeting, which will be held at Beatrice, October 5th, 6th and 7th. The year-book contains a list of the officers of the Federation, constitution and by-laws, a résumé of work recommended to local clubs, and a directory of the clubs belonging to the Federation. The work recommended to local clubs is as follows:

I. That each club appoint a committee, to be called the Public School Art Committee, whose duties shall be: (1) To visit the schools and encourage the removal of all decorative rubbish, such as advertisement cards and crude and meaningless pictures. (2) To confer with School Boards and encourage the use of pleasing tints in calcining the schoolroom walls, instead of the staring white now so generally used. (3) To coöperate with teachers in devising ways of procuring good pictures for the school-rooms. (4) To encourage school children to make for themselves or their schools collections of wood cuts, portraits, architectural subjects, animals, etc.

II. Town and village improvement works, in the cleanliness and sanitary condition of our streets; cases of inhumanity to animals, children and the poor.

III. The fostering of public libraries, and increased interest in our circulating library, that we may aid educational progress through these books which come "sailing, traveling to our very doors, as free almost as the air we breathe."

The annual meeting of the Kansas State Social Science Federation, will be held at Hutchinson, beginning Tuesday, May 4th. Business of importance will come before the convention and a very interesting program has been prepared.



HOME THEMES.

TAKE HEART.

Take heart, O weary burdened one, bowed down
Beneath thy cross;
Remember that thy greatest gain may come
Through greatest loss.
Thy life is nobler for a sacrifice,
And more divine.
Acres of bloom are crushed to make a drop
Of perfume fine.
Because of storms that lash the ocean waves,
The waters there
Keep purer than if the heavens o'erhead
Were always fair.
The brightest banner of the skies floats not
At noonday warm;
The rainbow traileth after thunder-clouds,
And after storm.
Thy faults are needed, lest thy weakness be
Too soon forgot.
God never gives His tenderest care to those
Who need it not;
Nor canst thou rest, till thou hast labored well;
So, set for thee,
Are Alpine heights to climb, ere thou canst dwell
In Italy.

Elizabeth Furman.

REGRET.

Welcome, robin, you have come!
Look, the violets bloom anew,
And I hear the pheasants drum!
Bird and blossom welcome you.
Happy robin, many a day
We had missed you on the lawn,
When the skies were cold and gray,
When the forest leaves were gone.
Robin, robin, since you left
Many a change has crossed us here,—
Wood and field of flowers bereft,
Sad the winter seemed and drear.
I, too, happy bird, have known
Change and sorrow, pain and grief;
Not for me the flowers have blown,—
Not for me the coming leaf.
Seek'st thou, robin, still a hand.
Or a voice, thou once didst hear?
One that sweetly used to stand
Calling, loving thee, last year?
Robin, robin, she is dead!
She that was so kind and true;
Violets at her feet and head,—
She will hear no song from you.
'Neath yon little mound so near,
In her still and narrow bed,
She who loved you so last year,
She is lying cold and dead.
Still, sweet robin, every spring,
When the violets deck the land,
Sing the song you used to sing,—
You and I will understand.

S. H. M. Byers.

THE CHARM OF THE IDEAL.

Life in every form is precious. The homeliest experience on Nebraska and Dakota farms deserves to have its chronicler, for within the four walls of a rude cabin on Western prairies may be found all the tragedy and pathos of human existence. But in studying the various phases of American pioneer life one finds nothing more attractive than early New England. Its stories and legends

have a peculiar fascination. Beautiful beliefs and ideals have power yesterday, today and forever, to irradiate and transfigure the hardest earthly conditions; and the sordid, dreary details incident to pioneer life were lost to sight in the presence of the grand ideal which traveled before these children of the promise like the pillar of cloud and of fire.

From the earliest period many of the colonists were scholars and thinkers. There were men and women in the wilds of New England whose dignity of character and fine intelligence would have graced a palace. With all its hard practicality, it was always a life of books and ideas, of ideals, too, so fine and elevated that as Richard Salter Storrs says, "Their ethereal splendor arched above the rude life in the wilderness, turning darkness to day in the dreariest life, and lighting the hills and bathing the sandy or rocky shores as in the uprising of the immortal morning." Perhaps intense spirituality and intellectual vigor were never more perfectly combined with common sense and the practical management of affairs. These wise old forefathers and foremothers of America were practical idealists, and with keen vision and sure hand they laid strong and deep the foundations of many generations.

In what has been well designated the heroic period of New England, there was a dignified simplicity and old world quaintness which appeals more powerfully to the finer imaginations of men than the pomp of courts and kings. Its plain living and high thinking set against an exquisite background of primeval woods and waters, belonged to the great heart of nature, and in its conceptions and aspirations it touched the stars. Nowhere have men ever solved better what Philip Gilbert Hamerton justly calls "the great problem of human life, the reconciliation of poverty and the soul." Divorced from the superficial and the trivial, and intent upon eternal verities, it was the ideal life which Wordsworth and Emerson sighed for; the life whose subtle charm has found fitting words of appreciation from the dear old Quaker poet:

"Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward,
mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and
vulgar clay,
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodon gray.

Not in vain the ancient fiction in whose moral lives
the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying
truth."

Lillian Monk.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

BY THE time this number reaches most of its readers, the imposing ceremonies attending the inauguration of the tomb of General Grant will have been held, and the remains of our great soldier will have found repose at last,—and in a tomb of surpassing architectural beauty and costliness. Turning our thoughts from the magnificence of the sepulcher and the splendor attending the ceremonies, to the man to whose memory the tomb was built and in whose honor the event was held, what a suggestive contrast is presented! Grant is the simplest and most unassuming, and, in appearance most unmilitary, of all the great soldiers who loom in history. And yet, for him was reserved no Khartoum, no Moscow or Waterloo, no Rubicon. There never was another great commander who so thoroughly abhorred war in and of itself, who took so little satisfaction in the pageantry of war, who so earnestly longed and zealously fought for peace. While young in the twenties, at a time of life when most men trained to war are eager for the battle way to honors and promotion, Lieutenant Grant disapproved of the Mexican War and went with his regiment only because he had been educated by the government for such military service as the government, not himself, might require. Allied to the South by many associations and keenly realizing the fearful consequences of civil war, he believed in the supremacy of the general government over the states, and having actual knowledge of war and of preparing and massing men for action, duty and not inclination led him to resume a profession which he had gladly abandoned. The main-spring of his course in offering his services to the government was duty—not love of military glory. This we comprehend now—now that the evidence is nearly all in; far better than we did when he was moving on from strength to strength, from victory to victory.

* * *

READERS of General Porter's interesting reminiscences of Grant on his Wil-

derness way to the Confederacy's Capital are impressed anew with the marvelous power of combination possessed by this plain, carelessly attired, strangely unconventional, embarrassingly silent man. Nothing escaped his supervision. His care-taking mind was broad enough to include not only plans of battles and marches and gigantic combinations, but also the smallest details—the quartering of troops, the carrying strength of animals, the details of building roads and bridges, the welfare of the sick, the burial of the dead. To readers of *THE MIDLAND* who are following Colonel Emerson's history of the Mexican War and the part performed by Lieutenant Grant in that war, there is far less of mystery in General Grant's preëminent fitness for command of an army than there was before. Colonel Emerson has done the world substantial service in developing this Mexican War chapter in Grant's history. In his early developed genius for topography, his almost instinctive knowledge of the enemy's country; in his conscientious regard for every detail of the duties put upon him; in his wide range of observation and experience—including the feeding, clothing and transporting, as well as the leading of men; and in the breadth and maturity of his recorded judgments on events then transpiring, we see outlined in Colonel Emerson's picture of the Mexican War, the hero of Donelson and Shiloh and the leader of the Army of the Potomac through the Wilderness to Appomattox.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Thomas Nast, the caricaturist and painter, whose name for many years has been a household word in this country, is being importuned by his friends and by a number of well-known publishers to write his memoirs and illustrate them. We have assurances that Mr. Nast may in the near future address himself to this task. The great artist's memoirs would be a distinct acquisition to literature. Mr. Nast's life has been a singularly eventful one. The man whom Lincoln credited with having done more during the troublous war period than any one else to inspire patriotism and to recruit the army must

have many interesting things to tell. He has met and conversed with most of the famous statesmen, writers, preachers, painters, sculptors and actors of the last third of a century, and his anecdotes and reminiscences of these, illustrated in his own inimitable style, would make a book that would sell like the proverbial hot cakes.

Harold Frederic's successful "Damnation of Theron Ware" has had the usual effect; it has tempted the publisher to an edition of the author's complete works. This means that the public, with appetite whetted for more, will hungrily reach out after the bad and the good indiscriminately—"Seth's Brother's Wife" along with "In the Valley." No conceivable degree of reflex action can lift "Seth's Brother's Wife" above the low level to which it sank as it emerged, in installments, from the then dying *Manhattan Magazine*. By comparison, one has but to read Sudermann's story, "The Silent Mill,"—a translation of which has been running through recent numbers of *The International*, of Chicago,—to note how far above the commonplace the great German novelist has lifted the selfsame theme—one old as literature itself,—a well-meaning but weak man's love for his brother's weak but well-meaning wife. It will be a satisfaction to see a new, well-printed, uniform edition of Mr. Frederic's works, for they embody not a little that will be alive and robust when the 21st century comes round.

Howells and Crawford threaten to take their respective lives in their hands,—or place them in the capacious and all-grasping hand of Major Pond,—and enter the lecture field, to be personally managed by that great lyceum caterer. These worthies must surely have much to say that will interest our book-loving people. Mr. Crawford ought to tell us how to grind out novels to order, amplifying material for a six-thousand-word story into a sixty-thousand-word novel. Mr. Howells, having nearly exhausted his large stock of interesting reminiscence, will oblige us by giving us his far-sighted view of the literature of the future, whereof by parcels we have something heard.

Mrs. Hale's well written and profusely pictured article in this number, on "The Club Movement in Kansas," is robbed of two notable pictures, through a mistake of the editor in supposing that the photographs of Mrs. Scammon and Mrs. Prentiss, of Kansas City, were sent, at Mrs. Towner's request, to accompany

the Missouri Federation paper in our April number. As both these ladies reside in Missouri, and one of them, Mrs. Scammon, is prominent in Missouri Federation work, the pictures sent by Mrs. Hale, unaccompanied by explanation, were naturally, though too hastily, accredited to the Missouri Federation article without consulting Mrs. Towner.

"Literary Recollections," by F. Max Muller, in "Cosmopolis,"* is entertaining throughout, from that first page of intemperate protest against dinners as "tortures," "survivals of the dark ages," "social gobblings," etc., to the concluding estimate of Tennyson and Browning. This writer admits that he was surprised, lately, on re-reading "The Newcomes," to find Thackeray's dialogue so meager. He maintains that Dickens could draw a picture of human suffering with a more loving hand than any other English writer. Speaking of Matthew Arnold's old style of critical surgery that cuts deep and hurts, he says there is a "cocaine style" latterly in vogue, "that cuts deep into the flesh, and yet the patient remains insensible to pain." He pictures Ruskin as a beautiful soul, but mentally easily upset. He once took Emerson to lunch with Ruskin; "some quite indifferent subject turned up; a heated discussion ensued, and Ruskin was so upset that he had to quit the room." Emerson was distressed and tried to make peace, but to no avail. The writer shows the unlovely side of Tennyson and the angelic side of his own nature in a description of Tennyson's visit to his own home. How much of insult men and women will stand from the object of their adoration! Think of a host and hostess ignoring as "minor matters" such boorishness as this: "At dinner he was evidently put out by finding the sauce with the salmon was not the one he preferred. . . . The next morning at breakfast, we had rather plumed ourselves on having been able to get a dish of cutlets, and were not a little surprised, when our guest arrived, to see him whip off the cover of a hot dish, and to hear the exclamation, 'Mutton chops! the staple of every bad inn in England!' However, these were but minor matters." Yielding to no one in admiration of the last great poet laureate of England, we cannot comprehend the tolerance which thus tamely overlooks such conduct in even a poet laureate. Here is a very suggestive saying by a profound admirer of Browning. Says Professor Muller: "One often wished that some of Brown-

*See *The Living Age*, April 10.

ing's poems could have passed through the Tennysonian sieve, to take away all that is unnecessary in them, and to moderate his exuberant reveling in language."

Among the many promising young poets and musicians developing at this time in the bracing atmosphere of the Middle-West is Miss Myra Augur Chisholm, of Chicago. Her portrait here-with given confirms our words, for surely the beauty of the violets and the hepaticæ of which she sings so lovingly, has passed into her face. Miss Chisholm's delightful "Slumber Sea," a lullaby, has already reached a third edition. The words and the music grew together in the mind and soul of one keenly impressionable to the concord of sweet sounds and tender thoughts of love. This gifted young woman is the daughter of Mr. James Chisholm, a well known journalist of Chicago.

Mrs. James T. Fields has undertaken to write the biography of her friend, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Barrie will dramatize "The Little Minister."

The Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, Mass., will be converted into a permanent memorial of Longfellow. Its purchaser, Mr. S. H. Howe, of Boston, is a descendant of the original owners of the inn.

Björnson is furious over Ibsen's latest play, "John Gabriel Borkmann." He insists it assails his own family life. Björnson's daughter is married to Ibsen's son. The Skandinavian peninsula seems to be too small for these two great men.

Dr. Paul Carus's story, "Karma," first appeared in *The Open Court*, of Chicago. Tolstoi translated the story into Russian. *The International*, also of Chicago, translated it back into English from the French, into which it had been translated from the Russian, and published it as from the French. Wonder if Dr. Paul Carus had any difficulty in recognizing his much-traveled offspring!

Most of us illogically begin at the end instead of the beginning of psychology.



MISS MYRA AUGUR CHISHOLM, OF CHICAGO.

Professor Titchener, of Cornell University, has in preparation a Primer of Psychology. The primer should be read and passed around among certain Eastern university professors of psychology, whose alleged elucidations incline the average mind to question its own capacity to grasp psychology.

Andrew Lang says the people of our Southern states speak purer English than those of any other locality in America. Hamlin Garland says "My observations lead me to a different conclusion. I believe the well educated descendants of the Scandinavian settlers of the Northwestern states are closer to the dictionary than the languid Southerners or the erudite Easterners."

That was a high honor paid Richard Henry Stoddard recently—a public dinner given him by the Authors' Club of New York, to which a hundred and forty prominent citizens sat down. The presiding officer was Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose opening speech was a glowing—perhaps too glowing—tribute to the venerable poet. It is hard to find the conservative and at times severe critic who wrote "The Victorian Poets" in such unguarded words of praise as these in Mr. Stedman's speech: "It [our homage] is rendered to the most distinguished poet of his country and generation still remaining with us and still in full voice"

Mr. Stoddard, in his poetical response, modestly equalized this over-praise by thus truthfully summing up his own life-work:

"When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
'This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could.
Not for his own poor personal good,
But for the glory of his art.'"

Edmund Gosse, writing from London, with generous praise but with perfect truth, said this of Stoddard: "True singer, true lover of intellectual beauty, true inheritor of the great spirit of the poets."

James Whitcomb Riley gracefully concluded his poetical contribution to the event:

"They [the gods] gave their richest gifts to you,
And then gave you to us."

But the poetical contribution which far outshone all the rest was by Edith M. Thomas. In a sonnet of perfect form and rare beauty as a whole occur these exquisite lines:

"Loved and revered—but eldest? Nay, 'twere wrong
To greet thee so—thou younger than we are!
Let age be counted ours, because more far
Our birth; thine nearer the live source of song.
The flight of youth thyself hast marked and
sung;
'Tis the world's youth is gone and its large
dream."

Mrs. Alma G. White, of Washington, Iowa, has received notification from the Curator of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., that her picture entitled "The Stock Field," "has met with the approval of the committee on works of art, and is now on exhibition in this gallery." This painting is none other than the original of that beautiful engraving, "The Purple Rim of the Hill," which accompanied Miss Minnie Stichter's sketch, "Afield," in THE MIDLAND of August, 1895.

The Prize Poem in this magazine's April 1st competition is entitled "*Ad Vesperam*." It was written by Rev. J. B. Kenyon, pastor of the First M. E. church, Syracuse, N. Y., and will appear in the June MIDLAND.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The April Chautauquan repeats a mistake which was quite common in the lifetime of Senator Wilson. It resurrects an old cut of the late James F. Wilson, long U. S. Senator from Iowa, and presents it as a portrait of James Wilson, the new and very much alive Secretary of Agriculture.

Hamilton W. Mabie, in *Current Literature* for April, points out the weakening

effects of excessive newspaper and novel reading.

Mr. Mabie in the March *Current Literature* talks well of "the Criticism which Helps"—constructive criticism, which fosters and nourishes, pointing out weaknesses, but emphasizing strength and promise.

Printer's Ink complains that *Youth's Companion* and *Munsey's Magazine* refuse to reveal their circulation. These two successful periodicals certainly haven't anything to conceal—unless it be a slight falling off—fifty thousand or so, perhaps. But what's that? Think of what they have left!

Good Reading, Norwalk, Ohio, absorbs what there is left to absorb of *The Great Divide*, of Denver, Colorado.

A strong article on "Dominant Forces in Western Life" appears in the April *Atlantic*, from the pen of Frederick J. Turner, professor of history in the University of Wisconsin. It is an eye-opener to many Eastern readers, whose patriotism needs treatment for near-sightedness.

Albert Shaw has an admirable article in the April *Review of Reviews* on President McKinley's new cabinet. This paper strongly presents the great and growing dominance of the Middle-West in politics and in trade.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"Please print this in your May number" writes one. The chief difficulty in the way of responding satisfactorily to this request is a mental objection to the manuscript itself.

"Advise me whether or not you can use any more poems from my pen," writes another poet. Impossible! The editor has no means of knowing the possibilities of a poet's pen. The only proof of a poem is the reading.

"I could write on educational topics if you would name the ones preferred."

Were the editor in need of "something to fill up with," the suggestion might possibly be considered. Space-writing on given subjects belongs to journalism,—though *The North American*, *The Forum* and a few other theme-magazines in their fierce competition for timely articles by men of the hour, are trenching on the journalistic field and with an evident loss of power as reviews.

Are my simple verses couched in too simple forms of words?

No. The editor firmly believes in the Wordsworthian theory that the language of poetry should be indistinguishable

from that of every day life. No; to be frank with the questioner, his well-worded and deftly rhymed verse is lacking chiefly in poetry.

I have a story containing about two thousand words. A story of.... Could you give it a reading?

We give every MS. sent us an impartial reading, and with as much promptness as our time will permit. In fact the reading of MSS. is a large part of our editorial work. It is not necessary,

therefore, to make inquiries of this nature relative to poems, sketches, short articles, short stories, etc. But before sending on a serial of many thousand words, or an illustrated article, bulky with photographs or drawings and not intended for our Descriptive Paper competition, it is well to write a note of inquiry as to whether such matter could be used provided it should prove acceptable, and thus save yourself a considerable outlay for return postage.

MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Are we at the dawn of Puritan renaissance? Judging from the volume and nature of the recent books devoted to Puritan life and history, there is thorough and widespread revival of interest in all things pertaining to the life and times of the Pilgrim Fathers and of New England colony days. A book which must take its place on the library shelf with Dr. Brown's "Pilgrim Fathers" and John Fiske's "Beginnings of New England" is Ezra Hoyt Byington's "The Puritan in England and New England."¹ Here three volumes, in fact, form a kind of trinity, in which is summed up—perhaps as completely as they shall ever be presented—the life, character and opinions of Puritan dissenters and colonists. Dr. Byington's book is written from a broadly comprehensive point of view. He recognizes that the movement which "ceased from the long attempt to build up a kingdom of God by force, and fell back on the truer work of building up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts and consciences of men" is difficult to trace in definite origin. "The history of English progress since the Restoration, on its moral and spiritual sides, has been the history of Puritanism." Its beginnings thus are historically traced in the acts and lives of John Wyclif and his disciples. Then follow the chapters: "The Pilgrim and the Puritan, Which?" "Early Ministers of New England," "William Pynchon, Gent," "The Family and Social Life of the Puritans," "Religious Opinions of the Fathers of New England," etc. Breadth, clearness and force of treatment are marked characteristics of the book, and the style is enhanced by large type and general excellence of mechanical make-up.

Another volume from the same press (Roberts Brothers, Boston) and from the pen of M. A. Ward, deals with Puritan social and religious life. This book is largely devoted to Governor Bradford, "The Father of American History,"² and to the life of "Good Judge Sewall,"³ of Boston. These chapters are written in discursive and familiar style, and there is much of entertaining comment. The author's account of Judge Sewall's second and third courtships is not calculated to inspire the reader with large respect for Puritan marital sentiment outside the obligations of religion and the civil contract. Judge Sewall began to look about for a new wife ere his faithful spouse of fifty-four years had been in her grave three months, and cast his eyes upon the widow Denison before *rigor mortis* had confirmed the death of her husband. He accompanied the widow home from the funeral, in fact, and the courtship began at once. All went smoothly for a few days, and then these elderly lovers, who had been meeting and kissing in private, split upon a difference in marriage settlement. Immediately, however, the

ardent old gentleman paid court to the widow Tilly, and they were married in four weeks. Shades of their departed! What an edifying spectacle for those dear souls to look down upon! The delusions of our forefathers, their belief in demons and witchcraft, are also dwelt upon in a manner little calculated to heighten our regard for "the homely good sense" so often accredited to them. With the author, however, we may bring ourselves to "realize how the loneliness of their surroundings, the isolation of their lives, the dangers with which they were beset, and the hardships they had to endure formed their minds and made them a suitable prey for gloomy reflections and morbid superstitions."

A man who can write a story of five hundred pages, in which the reader's interest never slackens to the end,—without a dull page, in fact,—may fairly be considered a successful novelist. Sydney C. Grier has accomplished this feat in "An Uncrowned King."⁴ The plot of the story is quite as sensational as one of Ouida's, but in the telling of the tale there is no sensationalism, and therein lies the difference—and that difference is decidedly to Mr. Grier's advantage. "The Uncrowned King" is an English lord, who is invited to rule a Balkan kingdom; whose modesty and loyalty to home are hard to overcome, and who finally throws away his kingdom in order to marry the lady he loves—the daughter of an Irish spy and adventurer. There is a rather conventional admixture of characters—a Greek politician, a scheming brother, a runaway princess, and a number of conspirators of more or less notoriety and address. These characters, however, are made to play their parts most admirably, and the drama is exciting and agreeable.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis is one of the few writers of Eastern birth who have written down to the bone of things in describing Western life, Western scenes and incident—a writer, in fact, of uncoddled reputation—one who has earned the right to be read with respect, and earned it by years of diligent work afield. Every story and sketch from his pen bears evidence of intelligent effort to realize the subject in hand. In the field of Spanish America, also, he has done some good things, among them "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu." Barring occasional cock-sure ebullience and the mannerism of pet phrases, there is little to criticize in his work. "The Gold Fish" is, on the whole, a modest attempt at story telling, a mere sketch of adventure in a field which should tempt the author to stronger flight in future. While the story is well worth reading, its chief interest—to one reader at least—lies in the

¹The Puritan in England and New England, by Ezra Hoyt Byington. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

²An Uncrowned King, by Sydney C. Grier. G. Putnam's Sons, New York.

promise it gives of sustained and vigorous work to come. Mr. Lummis' handling of archaic form in Spanish dialect — his translation — is something new and altogether entertaining. The little volume is finely illustrated from photographs taken upon the ground by the writer, and is published by Lamson, Wolff & Co., of Boston.

"Externals of Modern New York" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is a hand-book of New York City, written in the Baedeker sense — beautifully bound and illustrated. It is, in fact, a reprint of Mrs. Burton Harrison's contribution to Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," and the name of the author is sufficient guarantee of ability to present the subject succinctly and attractively. This she has done, and no student of American life, cities or institutions can afford to leave her work out of consideration.

Sarah Orne Jewett — the very name carries a sweet savor of all the beautiful, homely things in all New England life. "The Country of the Pointed Firs" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a story of the Maine coast, a quiet tale of Mrs. Almira Todd, several sea captains and some others. It has all the charm of Miss Jewett's best work, and what more can be said? The casual reviewer can approach neither Sarah Orne Jewett nor Ian MacLaren in critical mood. These two appeal to the heart, and one simply loves them.

Ye Poet of Indiana — who now belongs to the world — a poet of the heart, too, sings again in careless rhyme of boyhood and its joys in "A Child-World." Again the critic must step aside, turn a deaf ear to classical suggestion, and count humor, tenderness and emotion as of mightier avail than all the art of Pope. "*The Lochrs is come to your house!*" and the reader is made to feel that they have come to his house also, and, in that wondrous light and glamor of childhood, he "lets himself go," and joins the throng.

"EVER THINE."

As shore as the vine
Doth the stump entwine,
Thou art my lump of sackerrine,
Rinaldo Rinaldine.
The Pirut in captivity."

Thus the critic is taken captive and shorn of all his stings. "A Child-World" is a dainty little volume in red and gold, and is from the press of the Bowen-Merrill Co.

"The Maker of Moons" is a collection of eight short stories by Robert W. Chambers, author of "The Red Republic." These are weird stories, entertainingly written, and with suggestions of Poe, Kipling, the Hindu *Tantras*, the *Bhagavad Gita* and the ancient shrine of Venus. These suggestions are modified by helmet hats, red leather boots and fishing tackle of improved sorts. While these stories are exciting in incident and novel in plot, their quality falls below the mark of "The Red Republic," which is, undoubtedly, Mr. Chambers' masterpiece as yet. — (Publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Out of the simplest possible motif, Mr. Henry James has written an entertaining and instructive book in "The Spoils of Poynton." But how can Henry James write otherwise than entertainingly? No reader who loves the lilt of the Queen's English in pure, liquid prose can quarrel with the author seriously about what he chooses to tell. The manner of the telling is sufficient. All the action of the story in "The Spoils of Poynton" centers about a rare collection of furniture, pictures, laces, bric-a-brac and curios which a mother must yield to the heir apparent upon his marriage. The mother, Mrs. Gereth, lives only in her enjoyment of the treasures of the household and in her intense anxiety that her son shall

marry a woman who will share her appreciation. This is quite enough for Mr. James, and the situations which are "worked" out of the differences between mother and son, and which come of her disappointment in his marriage, come to be thrilling and effective enough. — (Publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

FRANK W. CALKINS.

"Charlotte Bronté" is fourth of the 1897 series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women," by Elbert Hubbard. The numbers are printed on vellum, deckled-edge paper, and each has a portrait as a frontispiece. The attractive little book before us is easy reading. It describes the Bronté family, pictures their Yorkshire home and the Yorkshire factory folk, and talks interestingly of the author of Jane Eyre, Shirley and Villette. Mr. Hubbard's thought is well summed up in the concluding paragraph:

So why prize of her sorrows! Did she not work them up into art? Why weep over her troubles when these were the weapons with which she won? Why sit in sackcloth on account of her early death when it is appointed of all men once to die, and with her the grave was swallowed up in victory!

"Scarlet, or White?" † by Willis Mills, M. D. (a Wisconsin writer who will have something to say in future numbers of this magazine), is a novel with an avowed purpose, and that purpose is to assist in overthrowing "that most colossal outrage of all civilization, the double standard of morals," — one for men and another for women. The author paints a picture full of pathos, of a Wisconsin girl wooed and won, to her own undoing, and of the cruelty of society that withheld sympathy from the wronged one, but welcomed the seducer. A noble man loans Lois money, with which she goes to Chicago to acquire an education, and fit herself for teaching. Her trials and womanly triumphs are feelingly told. Her instructor, Miss Bishop, is a rare woman, whose beauty of soul transcends her rare physical beauty. Pure herself, she talks plainly but sorrowfully to an old lover who comes to her with a record of an impure life written upon his face. Pure herself, she feels the innate purity of the young girl whom the world has rejected as unclean. The sad story of a queen of the Chicago demi-monde is incidentally told, strengthening the impression left by the book — namely, that a fallen woman is not essentially worse, though more unfortunate, than a fallen man. The love of Lois' benefactor for the woman he has helped is pictured with a delicacy which makes the conventional ending very satisfactory.

* Putnam's Sons, New York. 10 cents.

† Authors' Publishing Association, New York.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

TO TWENTY QUESTIONERS:—We must again remind our numerous and widely scattered Twenty Questioners that we dictate the terms of the monthly competition. When we say the contest closes on the night of the 15th, we mean that all answers received on the 16th, and later, are "not in it." When we say that no letter may accompany the answers, we mean that answers accompanied by letters are thrown out... Another request comes for the publication of at least one of the winning sets of answers. Again, we will explain—this time more fully—that our questions are not intended as conundrums which call for regulation answers. Some months, there may be twenty or more answers that are, speaking in general terms, correct. In such case, the sifting-out process must necessarily become more technical than usual. The simplicity and directness of the answers, freedom from redundancy in expression, avoidance of condensation that omits important details, the spelling, the capitalization, the handwriting, neatness in general appearance, everything is considered. It may readily be seen that the publication of any one of the ten successful sets of answers would not satisfy anybody and would mystify many, and the publication of more than one would still further mystify, for the impression made by the papers themselves would not be sufficiently indicated by the answers as printed. Then, again, many of the questions admit of as many different forms of answer as there are answers. In such case, to print any one form of answer as correct would be to dishearten many who, in their inability to guess the supposed secret combination of words that wins, would make no further effort. No, we desire only to encourage the spirit of investigation and inquiry. The hundreds of girls and boys who are following up these questions, from month to month and from year to year, are every month winning prizes, each a hundred times more valuable than the one we offer. The publisher gets his full reward in the satisfaction of healthfully promoting the

spirit of investigation and inquiry, and large dividends on his investment of time and money in the prominence these hundreds of knowledge-seekers are giving THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

Answers to "Twenty Questions" that do not have the printed questions pinned thereto are thrown out. To satisfy curiosity, we will explain that this invariable rule ensures the publisher that every Twenty Questioner represents one copy of THE MIDLAND in circulation. In other words, this practice increases THE MIDLAND's sales, and so helps compensate us for the time and expense of the competitions.

The April *Book and News-Dealer* says that *The Metropolitan* "is apparently selling as well at 15 cents as it did at 10 cents, so there is little likelihood that the price will go back to the old figure." The success of this risky experiment, considered along with THE MIDLAND's unvarying adherence to 15 cents—with steadily increasing sales to its general agents, the Western News Co.—reveals the fact that the public is willing to pay a fair profit on the actual cost of a periodical that it likes. The outcome of *The Metropolitan's* experiment shows also that it isn't necessary for a publisher to put his price down where he must either get much advertising at enormous prices or else suspend publication.

Nerve to do something is often a much larger capital than millions of money.—*Market Letter*.

Future MIDLANDS will contain much interesting John Brown material.

Miss Flora Wilson, Librarian, Agricultural College Library, Ames, pays this high tribute to the Iowa magazine: "Our students read this Iowa magazine more than any other one of the 150 periodicals that come to the library."

I feel greatly repaid for the trouble I had in answering the "Twenty Questions" and wish to thank you very much for the present.—Fred H. Culbertson, Carroll, Iowa.

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Des Moines, Iowa.

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MENTION THE MIDLAND.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

There are some few who, doubtless having found it difficult to stop certain other periodicals by the ordinary means,—namely, payment to date and request to discontinue,—think they must mail the last MIDLAND back to the publisher as a notification to him that they do not desire to renew. A notification by postal card is sufficient; or, if preferred, a notification through your local postmaster,

who is supplied with notification cards and is in duty bound to notify publishers as requested by the office patrons. We want it clearly understood that the publisher of this magazine never knowingly continues any subscription after receiving notice to discontinue the same.

Peck's Sun is dead. Too funny for any earthly use.

Secrets ..of.. Merchandising

Goods and Silks have been fully up to any previous year, and our dressmakers, of which we now have three—besides the regular Shirt Waist department, (where nothing but Shirt Waists are made) are all busy—Madame Stevenson will complete the largest month's work ever accomplished with us.

OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

has been very active, and we are fully equipped in Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Dressing Gowns, Tea Gowns, Wrappers, Waists, Corsets and Under Muslins—any and all of which we will send on approbation, *you paying express charges one way*, we giving you the privilege of examination, taking out and paying for what you keep. This we find a very agreeable and pleasant way to shop, as you run no risk.

. Open correspondence with our mail order department—make demands on them for anything you may need—and we promise you the best attention.

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Fourth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Publisher's Notes—Continued.

A firm of organ-makers in Chicago, having sent some of its advertising matter to a rural church, got this astonishing reply: "We are commanded to make melody in our hearts to the Lord, not on pipe organs, or horns, or fiddles. There is more glory to God in a splinter on an old rail than there is on 10,000 pipe organs. God is sore displeased with manufactured wind worship." Mere circulation isn't everything. An organ-maker might send a carload of advertising matter into a community that reason as this man does, and he wouldn't sell any organs. Do you want to reach the magazine-reading people in Iowa and neighboring States? THE MIDLAND goes into thousands of midland homes. Is there any better class of homes in the Middle-West than those in which "the representative magazine of the Middle-West" is welcomed? There is but one logical

conclusion: Plant your advertising in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, where it will do you some real good.

Werner's magazine, *Self-Culture*, has been removed from Chicago to Akron, Ohio.

What so rare as a MIDLAND in June!

Mr. H. W. Perry, of *Bearings*, a high-class bicycle publication in Chicago, contributes a strong article for the June MIDLAND on the "Good Roads Movement in the United States,"—an article that will be good reading for every wheelman, and every other man interested in this timely movement.

Next month—"June Days at Cape May," with illustrations, by George Merriam Hyde, author of the delightful sketch of Block Island, in THE MIDLAND of June last year.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE STANDARD PENS OF THE WORLD.

Numbers 303, 404, 604 E. F., 332, 601 E. F., 1044, and Stubs 1008, 1043 and others. Highest awards Paris Exposition, 1878 and 1889, and Chicago, 1893.

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An excellent Café on first floor. Service first-class.
Prices reasonable

W. L. BROWN, Mgr. Des Moines, Iowa.



Publisher's Notes—Continued.

"Lieutenant Burton's Wooing" becomes decidedly interesting in our June number.

June is the poet's month, and the June MIDLAND will contain an unusual amount of soulful verse.

Lieutenant Grant's wooing, so well described in the November MIDLAND, will end with a wedding in the June MIDLAND.

Grant's farm life in Missouri will be rich in illustrations never before made public. Watch out for them in future numbers of THE MIDLAND.

"A Poet Lariat," a sketch, by Albert Bigelow Paine, in the June MIDLAND.

The relative value of "Grant's Life in the West," by Colonel (Judge) John W. Emerson, of Missouri, begins to loom, as the scope of the work develops in these columns. It is, in fact, a history of the Life and Times of Grant during the period covered, and to be covered, by

the author,—a period beginning with Lieutenant Grant's detail for duty at Jefferson Barracks (October MIDLAND), and to end with the departure of Lieutenant-General Grant for the East—the period with which General Porter's reminiscences begin.

The unexpected length of several articles in this number compelled the throwing over of Miss Sands' illustrated article on Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee, Ga., Miss Biggart's paper on women in journalism, Mrs. Burnham's paper on the author of "Sweet Bye and Bye," with portraits.

A somewhat caustic but very helpful paper on Woman and Domestic Architecture, by F. W. Fitzpatrick, a prominent Washington architect, will appear in the June MIDLAND.

"A Night on the Halifax," by Fred A. Cogswell, is a fish story that is hard to beat. See the June MIDLAND.

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The publishers of this magazine have asked us to make a test of their publication as an advertising medium,—we to advertise articles of special merit as to price and quality. We have selected as these items the following, and both the publisher and ourselves would deem it a favor if you would mention THE MIDLAND MONTHLY in answering this ad.

Shirt Waists.

A magnificent line of Shirt Waists—large and small designs—in the new lawn and dimities, with detached collars and cuffs. These waists are all made with extreme fullness in front, and the new yoke which extends over the shoulder, beyond any question the most perfect-fitting Shirt Waist on the market. We offer to MIDLAND readers both our \$1.25 and \$1.39 line of these goods, comprising 63 different numbers—and we will use our best judgment in selection of colors and designs, for

98c**Wrappers.**

A magnificent line of the most perfect-fitting, print, percale and lawn wrappers ever shown; all colors and six different makes. These are our \$1.25 wrappers.—To MIDLAND readers.....

94c**Mackintoshes.**

An all-wool Serge Mackintosh, double-texture, 20 different linings, double cape; colors, navy and black; lengths (take measurement from collar to bottom of skirt), 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62. We have never offered these Mackintoshes over our counters at less than \$8.50—We offer them to MIDLAND readers for

\$5.11

**Don't Forget to
Mention The Midland.**

NEW ROLL CALL OF STATES.

I have them all from No. 1, and do not want to miss any.—Ben W. Ingersoll, Anniston, Ala.

The style of its articles so pleased—it was something beyond the trashy stuff I see in so many monthlies, that I thought I would give it a trial for a year.—Col. Jno. F. Hill, Phoenix, Ariz.

If it is as good as these I should like to subscribe.—Mrs. C. R. Field, San Jose, Cal.

Wishing you continued and increasing success, etc.—Wm. P. Daniels, Camp Frances, Colo.

We like THE MIDLAND very much.—J. T. Turner, Clermont, Fla.

For if I am not a paid-ahead subscriber to THE MIDLAND, I shall hasten to become one.—J. V. H. Koons, Muncie, Ind.

I am very much interested in your attractive magazine.—Fannie E. Ostrander, West Chicago, Ill.

I might say here that I am highly pleased with the magazine, and wish every success for its enterprising proprietor.—Hon. J. H. McCoulogue, Mason City.

I always speak and write commanding THE MIDLAND, when I have opportunity to do so. It is, by all odds the brightest

and best monthly west of the Alleghenies. I rejoice in the knowledge of its success.—Andrew Downing, Topeka, Kan.

I forward yearly subscription to your excellent magazine.—A. C. Simpers, Coloma, Md.

I enjoy THE MIDLAND MONTHLY exceedingly. Every part of it can be read with a relish.—Mrs. E. Putnam, Constantine, Mich.

Have become acquainted with your very interesting magazine.—Fannie Fulerton, Minneapolis.

I like your magazine very much. Mrs. H. L. Miller, Glendive, Mont.

THE MIDLAND, which I very much enjoy.—Miss C. G. Kearney, Plattsmouth, Neb.

I greet with increasing interest each new issue of THE MIDLAND.—Cora S. Day, Atco, N. J.

We are all delighted with THE MIDLAND, and even the children ask anxiously each mail day: "Will we get THE MIDLAND to-day?"—Mrs. Annie M. Beals, Alcester, S. Dak.

I have been a subscriber to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY since last September, and appreciate it very much.—Mrs. E. M. Scuff, Elba, Va



Advice or Designs for laying out, improving, or planting of Cemeteries, Parks, Public or Home Grounds, or for development of property. Correspondence solicited.

CITY PARK ENGINEER,
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"The March to the Sea"

Will now be sent to subscribers, old and new, on receipt of subscription or renewal, with TEN CENTS additional, to cover postage, etc.

A Fifty Cent Work for Ten Cents.

After the new Arena Company repudiated the contract which the old Arena Company made with THE MIDLAND, rather than disappoint the expectations he had raised, THE MIDLAND's publisher went to the expense of having several hundred more copies of this great work bound and shipped to Des Moines. He is now prepared to keep his word with MIDLAND subscribers, old and new, and will mail a copy of this work to every subscriber who adds ten cents to the regular subscription price on remitting to him direct, or through any local or general agency for THE MIDLAND.

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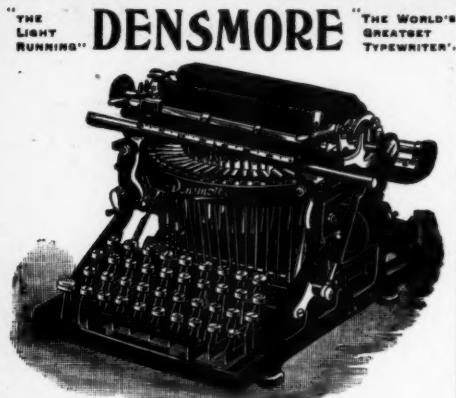
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THE MIDLAND continues to grow.—*Sioux City Journal*.

Profusely illustrated.—*Sacramento Record-Union*.

A large variety of fiction, poetry and miscellaneous reading of a high order of merit, making the number an ideal Western magazine.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Its editorial department includes a spirited reply to Hamilton W. Mabie on the narrowness of villagers.—*Springfield, Ill., News*.

A most readable number.—*Oskaloosa Herald*.

We are receiving THE MIDLAND and are much pleased with it.—*The Trident, Cleveland, O.*

The April MIDLAND MONTHLY does full credit to Iowa as a State that produces good literature as well as good corn and cattle and butter. . . . These are supplemented with a well sustained fiction department, poetry, letters, editorial comment, and all that goes to make a magazine worthy of its name. The illustrations are good. THE MIDLAND is

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steadily improving in tone and growing in grace generally.—*Davenport Democrat*.

"On the Eastern Edge of the Andes" is a deeply interesting and elegantly illustrated paper. Stories, sketches and poetry make up a very readable number, with many excellent pictures.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

The most meritorious of the Western magazines.—*Chillicothe, O., News*.

Col. Emerson's "Grant" takes the hero through a thrilling adventure before the City of Mexico.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

And there are several worthy and entertaining bits of fiction in this number.—*Fairfield Ledger*.

And the picture department abounds in good features.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

The March MIDLAND MONTHLY has a variety of articles, all of which are characterized by pith, point and purpose. . . . The usual club notes are given, and there are many bits of good poetry scattered throughout the number.—*The North and West, Minneapolis*.

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The Press Speaks Out—Continued.

This lively magazine, we believe, succeeded the *New Bohemian*, formerly published in Cincinnati. We are positive that the subscribers to the latter could not have fallen into better hands. THE MIDLAND, from a workmanship standpoint, is a beauty. Its serial on "Grant's Life in the West and His Mississippi Valley Campaigns," by Col. Jno. W. Emerson, with the five portraits of the great General, is alone worth its yearly price.—*Eclectic Medical Gleaner*.

Mayor Perry found new and very valuable matter for his "John Brown" lecture in recent issues of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, particularly relating to the authentic story of who secretly revealed the Harper's Ferry plot to the government. Soldier readers in the East will be interested in the description of the

battle of Spotsylvania by an eye witness, in the April number.—Somerville, Mass., *Citizen*.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is at its usual height of interest this month.—*Methodist, Charlotte, N. C.*

An especially entertaining number. Their half-tone reproductions are of the best grade, and the literary features cannot be excelled. Colonel Emerson's stories of Grant's life during the campaign are the best ever written of the early life of that national hero.—*Oregon Woodman, Dallas, Ore.*

Her prize story in the February and March MIDLAND MONTHLY, entitled "Disillusioned," has received the most flattering praise from the critics.—*Banner of Gold*.

And can truly say I enjoy THE MIDLAND very much.—Hon. E. F. Brockway, Washington, Iowa.

I enjoy reading THE MIDLAND very much, and enjoyed answering the questions.—Nellie Worcester, Twenty Questioner, Grand Junction, Colo.

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THE MIDLAND has just come into possession of two old portraits of Confederate General Quantrell,—also an old letter written by him in 1855, giving his impressions of the West,—also a remarkable letter written by the aged mother of the guerilla chief, now living, at the advanced age of 80 years. This letter is a mother's plea for fairness towards her son.

These interesting portraits and letters will appear in the

June Midland Monthly,

in illustration of a sketch of Quantrell by Rev. J. J. Lutz, of Woodstock, Minn., whose knowledge of this interesting but personally little known historical character renders him supremely fit to undertake the task.

....In the June Midland, remember.

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—E. H. Hibben, Secretary and Manager Northern Life Association, Marshalltown.

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compelled to with many magazines.—Capt. L. B. Raymond, Hampton.

THE MIDLAND's illustrations are fine and its subject matter interesting, instructive and elevating. Eastern publications will have to look to their laurels.—I. M. Weed, West Union.

I am an admirer of THE MIDLAND. It is a credit to the State and should be patronized by all loyal Iowans. It is really the equal, in my estimation, of any Eastern magazine, and being all an Iowa production brings it home.—Geo. W. Stinson, Tama.

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TWENTY QUESTIONS

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The Ten Girls or Boys under Eighteen years of age who, before the 15th day of May, mail us the best set of answers to the following questions will each be given a year's subscription to **THE MIDLAND MONTHLY**. The subscription may begin with any month the winner may desire, and will be credited up to any person the winner may name. Adults may assist the competitors, but the answers must be prepared by the girls and boys themselves.

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1. Each competitor must cut out the questions given below and pin them to the upper left-hand corner of the first one of the pages on which the answers are written.
2. The answers must be numbered to correspond with the accompanying questions.
3. The answers must be plainly written in ink (not typewritten), must be short and to the point.
4. Send no accompanying letter. Send nothing but the printed questions and your written answers, your name, age and postoffice address. If a resident of a large city, add street address. Patiently wait the announcement of the result, in the May number.

PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, *Des Moines, Iowa.*

THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. Which is the older state, Wisconsin or Minnesota, and how many years older is it? (p. 387.)
2. What protection is a copyright to an author or publisher, and what official of the government issues a copyright? (p. 387.)
3. Who was Rufus Choate, and how long has he been dead? (p. 390.)
4. Who was Caleb Cushing; to what high position was he nominated by President Grant; and, speaking in general terms, why didn't the Senate refuse to confirm his nomination? (p. 390.)
5. Where is Fingal's Cave? (p. 391.)
6. Where is Giant's Causeway. (p. 391.)
7. What peculiarity ascribed to Janus suggested the comparison with the modern politician? (p. 394.)
8. Where and when was Paganini born, and where and when did he die? (p. 401.)
9. What great actor was the father of Fanny Davenport, and how long ago did he die? (p. 404.)
10. Who was Alexander Salvini's father? (p. 408.)
11. About how long has Joseph Jefferson been an actor? (p. 409.)
12. What is "optimism" and what is its opposite? (p. 410.)
13. What city was the first Capital of the Southern Confederacy, and when was the capital removed to Richmond? (p. 411.)
14. Briefly sketch Sam Houston's life. (p. 421.)
15. Why is Kansas often termed "Bleeding Kansas"? (p. 422.)
16. When may one be said to be "armed to the teeth"? (p. 439.)
17. Where does the Platte river rise, in what direction does it flow and into what body of water does it empty? (p. 439.)
18. Also give the source, direction and outlet of the Yellowstone. (p. 439.)
19. When did Whittier die, and what was his age then? (p. 466.)
20. Quote some stanza, or other short passage, from Whittier's poetry which, in general terms, conveys an impression of Whittier's simple faith and trust. (p. 466.)

THE SUCCESSFUL TEN LAST MONTH.*

- Leo C. Way, age 13, Carson, Iowa.
Jessie Avey, age 17, Algona, Iowa.
H. Anstie Gregory, age 15, Hudson, Mich.
Gretta Cabanis, age 12, Storm Lake, Iowa.
Clara Goodrich, age 15, Mankato, Kan.
Buell H. Keeler, age 13, Lake Mills, Iowa.
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Reuben W. Smith, age 14, Golden, Colo.
Vera Means, age 13, Howard, S. D.
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